THE BEE
WASHINGTON

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Congressional Library

SPITTOON WASHERS

Cunningham Replies

CUNNINGHAM VS. JACKSON
Thinks Jackson's Argument Weak.
Editor of The Bee:

Under the caption "Cunningham Scare" I have just read a very amusing little epistle from the pen of one Mr. James Conway Jackson in answer to a letter written by me and published in The Bee of a recent date. When I wrote the letter, Mr. Editor, I very little dreamed that I was disclosing a professional Negro Republican spittoon washer in the person of my good friend Mr. James Conway Jackson.

I see nothing worthy of notice in Mr. Jackson's letter, save perhaps the last paragraph, which reads as follows: "Enough of this spittoon business, Mr. Editor. If 'I' keep it up this hot weather I will soon be nothing but a big ball of expectoration myself."

There you are! Mr. Jackson tells us plainly that he too is "in the business," but, unlike the Negro Democrats, he has "hopes" at least of getting "something better." My sympathy goes out for Mr. Jackson in his "hopes" of getting a "better place" before he turns to a ball of expectoration. But I wish to remind Mr. Jackson that the Negro Republican spittoon washers haven't any monopoly on "hopes" of "something better." The Democratic Negro has as much right to "hope" as anybody else — even though he fails to get the things hoped for, as is the case with many of his Republican friends.

J. C. Cunningham.

ATTACKS NEGRO JOURNAL.
The Article The Times Refused to Publish.

To the Editor of The Times:

I always look up The Times Mail Bag in reading The Times, as I find some of the letters very interesting and instructive. That letter of Mr. J. Cunningham's of the 15th inst. would be very amusing, were it not so misleading. In berating "the colored newspapers," lest they lead their people wrong, he seems to have overlooked the fact that friendship does not depend on political affiliations, a fact that has been emphasized by Mr. Taft, a Republican President, appointing Democrats as members of his cabinet.

Friend, according to Webster, means one joined to another by affection; an intimate; a confidant, if such ties then bound the white and colored people of the South. It was but natural for the colored people when freed (or turned loose in the big road, as Mr. Cunningham expresses it) to look to those to whom the ties of friendship had bound them for so many years. And why not? Had not their fathers and mothers been toiling, yea and giving their life blood that these same white friends might enjoy a life of ease and luxury?

As to who was or is the colored people's best friend — the very best friends, both North and South, are those who care not one whit whether they are Democrats or Republicans so long as they are good, industrious, law-abiding citizens. But this is not a question of friendship; it is a question of political parties and human rights and as to choosing between the Democratic and Republican parties. It is but natural for the colored folk to vote with the party that keeps ajar the door of hope, that the Democratic party South has been trying their best to close against them.

Oh; yes, Mr. Cunningham, the Democratic party certainly does produce men who are not afraid to speak —the Democrats South spoke some time ago, and the majority of the colored voters South were disfranchised; they spoke again, and the colored folk South are riding in Jim Crow cars; the Democrats South are speaking now, and city after city in the South is passing segregation laws, meaning that the colored people are not good enough to even live in the same neighborhood with white folk. Yes, by all means, let the colored folk vote for a well-bred Republican Democratic gentleman to occupy the seat in the White House in 1912.

James Conway Jackson.

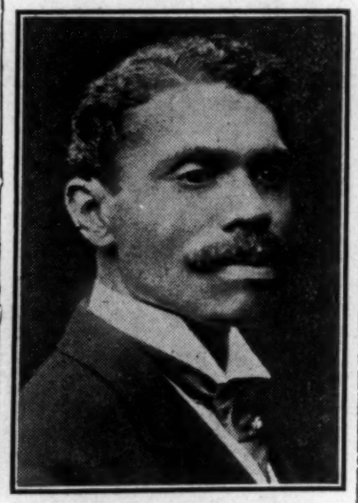
VARDAMAN REDIVIVUS.
From Cleveland (Ohio) Plaindealer.

Vardaman of Mississippi, who may be said to outrank either Tilman or Jeff Davis as an exponent of senseless and dangerous race hatred, is said to be making progress in his race for election to the United States Senate. The last time Vardaman waxed senatorially ambitious Mississippi showed her predominating good sense by defeating him. But the man has an undeniably large following in the State, and his aspirations are always dangerous.

The "Negrophobe" who flourished abundantly a decade or more ago seems to be becoming a less important social factor. He is no longer found among the thinking men of the South. Even those Southerners who are strongly opposed to social or even political equality between the races now look with repugnance upon a demagogue who continually exploits race prejudice as his chief political stock in trade.

For some time after his election to the Senate Mr. Tillman stood as the most prominent exponent of Negrophobia. But Mr. Tillman is astute, and in time he discovered that the notoriety he derived from his rabid utterances in no way added to his reputation as a statesman or furthered his personal ambitions. Of recent years Mr. Tillman has much modified his manners and softened his speech. The result has been added usefulness as a Senator and a higher standing in the respect of the nation.

It would really be no joke to send such a man as Vardaman to the United States Senate. The State that sent him would be disgraced, the tone of the Senate would be lowered, and the nation humiliated.



MR. RALPH W. TYLER,
The Man Who is Making a Good Record

FAIRMOUNT HEIGHTS NEWS.

Last Monday evening a large number of Washington's best people and those from neighboring sub-divisions journeyed to Fairmount Heights to attend the Sixth Annual Outing and Moonlight Picnic given by the Fairmount Heights Citizens' Association in their new and most beautiful of picnic groves. As usual, the best efforts were put forth, and to say the affair was quite a success is putting it very mildly. The Wilberforcian Orchestra, under the personal direction of Prof. J. S. Hunnicutt, enlivened the occasion with its many popular airs and "rags," and a look of horror and regret pervaded the faces of the many dancers when the orchestra played "Home, Sweet Home." Swinging, hitting the bull's eye and other forms of rational amusement were indulged in. The committee having entire charge of the affair consisted of W. S. Crouse, chairman; R. S. Nichols, W. B. Makel, W. A. Brooks, J. F Armstrong, J A. Campbell, W. S. Pittman, F. Coalman and A. E. Briscoe. A committee of ladies, consisting of Mesdames A. J. Ware, P. M. W. Pittman, R. S. Nichols, Q. V. Coalman, M. E. Campbell and Miss E. Fauver, assisted at the various tables. Proceeds of the picnic will be used for erecting lights and improving the streets.

Children's Day was observed by the Sunday School of the Fairmount Heights Methodist Episcopal Church last Sunday. A decidedly interesting program, consisting of songs and recitations, was rendered by the little folks. Mr. R. J. Pollard, the former superintendent, delivered a very timely address. The Donkey party given by Mrs. E. Watkins at the Methodist Episcopal Church Friday night was a success. Mr. Trent was the successful bidder for the erection of the Fairmount Heights Methodist Episcopal Church.

The great meeting at the Public Hall on July 16 at 3 o'clock, under the management of Mrs. John T. Walker, was both a spiritual and financial success. We welcome Messrs. Edward Day, Frank Young, William Darnell, Professor Lindsay and J. S. McGraff to our community. Messrs. Day, Young and Darnell have purchased beautiful homes.

Dr. R. E. Jones, editor of the Southwestern Christian Advocate, spoke to the Quarterly Conference here July 17.

IT IS RUMORED

That the department will see that its clerk work.

That clerks cannot edit papers and abuse reputable officials.

That Bob Waring will soon be united in the holy bonds of wedlock.

That Thomas L. Jones will soon have a handsome income.

That Royal Hughes has decided to continue single life.

Will Pollard has decided to read up on church fights.

That he may take his case to a higher court.

It has been decided by a few colored attorneys to associate their own companions in cases hereafter.

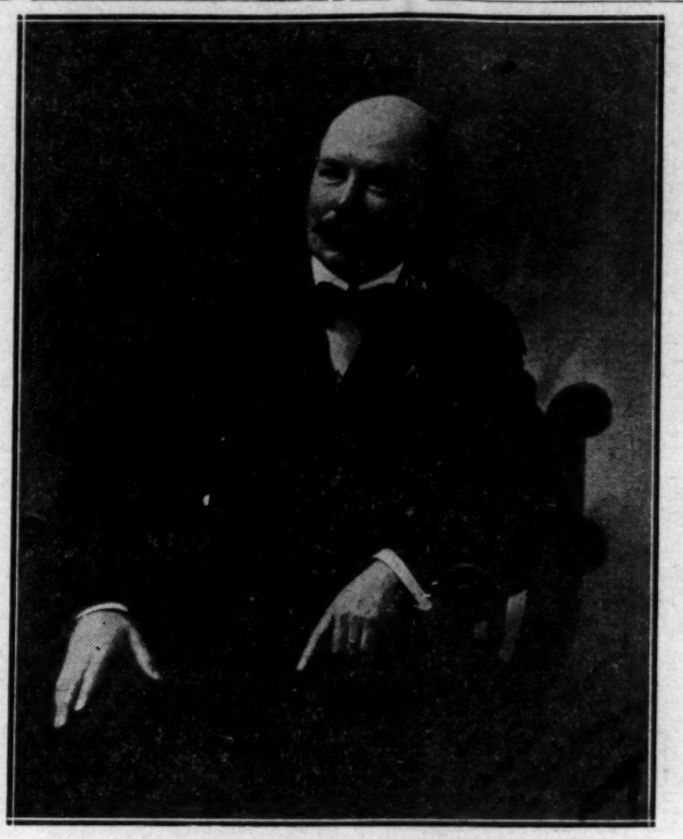
That a colored Bar Association will be organized.

Every member will not want to be president.

Drug Store.

In this issue of The Bee will be seen the advertisement of the Astoria drug store, Third and G Streets, Northwest, near the Pension Office. Dr. W. Armstrong is an enterprising man and well educated in pharmacy. His reputation stands unimpeached and you may always rely on him to do justice to his patrons. His prices are reasonable, hence you may have no hesitancy in patronizing him.

Sunday, July 9, John D. Rockefeller was seventy-two years of age.



Judge William H. De Lacy, of the Juvenile Court.
Who Cannot Find a Place for the Carey Girl.

WEST WASHINGTON NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Stanton, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who have been visiting his uncle, Mr. Henry Carpenter, of 38 1-2 Hanover street northwest, returned home Friday. Mr. Stanton is a member of the police force of Pittsburgh, Pa., and was very much pleased with the hospitality tendered him by the police officials officials of the city, especially Mr. John Louflis, of the Third Precinct, Police Department.

The annual picnic of the Mt Zion M. E. School on last Wednesday, July 12, at Green Willow Park, Anacostia, was a most enjoyable one. Attending the picnic were the pastor, Rev. and Mrs. Hayes; Rev. E. Williams, district superintendent; Rev. Jackson; Mrs. M. Wheeler, superintendent, and a large number of the teachers and parents of the children.

The Junior Choir of Mt. Zion M. E. Church will render the music for the services during the months of July and August. Mr. E. Battles, the excellent (soloist) tenor, can be heard at the Sunday morning service with much delight.

Miss Adia Gordon, of Lynchburg, Va., and Miss Ella Hayes, a teacher in the public schools of Baltimore, Md., are visiting Miss Fannie Hayes, 2906 O street n.w.

The Bee is for sale at 29th and O streets northwest.

The meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the First Baptist Church, Sunday, July 16, 1911, included a very interesting program given under the auspices of the male members, Mr. John Harris presiding. Dr. Clarence Wright delivered the principal address on the subject "Loyalty." Solo by Mr. Raymond Keyes; a paper by Mr. Douglass Smith; solo by Mr. Harrison Morton; selection by Junior Twilight Glee Club. Rev. E. E. Parcks pastor; Miss Sadie Gaskins, president.

The Widows' Club, a recent organization of this section, gave a very unique entertainment on Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Maggie Thomas, 2612 P street northwest. The style and name of the entertainment was "The Hobble." All of the members are widows. Mrs. E. E. Lee is president; Mrs. M. E. Harris, secretary.

A recent mass meeting of the Mite Missionary Societies of the A. M. E. Church of Washington, D. C., was held at Ebenezer A. M. E. Church Sunday. Rev. U. G Leeper, pastor. Mrs. John H. Welch, of Metropolitan A. M. E. Church, presiding. The meeting was addressed by Mrs. M. L. Beckett, Mrs. W. R. Arnold, Mrs. John Porter, Mrs. C. H. Young, Mrs. Chase of the Junior Mite Missionary of Metropolitan A. M. E. Church; Mrs. Charles Pryor, of Alexanderr Memorial Baptist Church, Mrs. U. G. Leeper, and Mrs. Mary E. Benn, of Ebenezer A. M. E. Church.

Miss Mae Spencer, of Anacostia, read a paper; Mrs. I. N. Ross rendered a solo. A collection of $25.40 was raised for the society.

PERSONAL LIBERTY LEAGUE

The seventeenth anniversary of the National Colored Personal Liberty League will be held August 16 at 132 Carroll street southeast. This will be one of the greatest events in the history of the organization.

If you want first-class job work done, send or call to 1109 Eye street northwest, W. Calvin Chase, Manager of the Trangle Printing Co.

Miss S. Estelle Clark, Miss Grace F. Johnson and Miss Carrie Carter are among the Washington school teachers registered at Columbia University. The young ladies are doing some very fine work at the University. They are the guests of Mrs. Harper, 15 West 132rd St.

MR. MARTIN'S GIFT.

Mr. W. H. Martin, of the Northwest Cafe, has been more than charitable to the poor. He gave to the Home of Friendless Girls and to the Old Folks' Home, on Eighth street northwest, the cream and cake that they used on the excursion to Washington Park two weeks ago. The Bee extends thanks to Mr. Martin for his liberality.

DR. W. P. THIRKIELD
President of Howard University, Who Anticipates Making Reforms

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

The Democratic presidential situation is getting more and more interesting daily. First, Mr. Bryan put his N. G. on Harmon, and now he has repudiated Speaker Clark. In the meanwhile Woodrow Wilson is playing to all factions, endorsing everybody and everything. He is for free wool, but approves the 20 per cent duty. He is both for and against the initiative, referendum and recall, in fact he is for and against anything and everything, according to his audience. Mr. Bryan is still to be heard from regarding Wilson.

PRESIDENT COMPLIMENTS HIM.

Atlantic City, N. J., July 15.—The high esteem in which President Taft holds Dr. Booker T. Washington, and the coroial friendship which exists between the two was aptly illustrated at the Christian Endeavor Convention recently held here. Speaking before an immense throng on Young's Pier, the President said:

"You are to have the pleasure of hearing Dr. Washington. It is both a pleasure and an opportunity, and I cannot leave this hall without saying that I regard him as one of the men of four or five generations, a man who has contributed to the welfare of another race, whose life is only half run, and whose power for usefulness in the future cannot be exaggerated."

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

Important News Happenings of the Week

DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTEREST

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

Among twenty-seven employes who have worked for twenty-seven years or more in the Saunders Tool Factory, in Yonkers, N. Y., $35,000 will be distributed as a memorial gift.

The Senate has passed a resolution putting Union Veterans in its employ upon a Civil Service status, to be retained permanently so long as their services are satisfactory.

The appalling toll of human life exacted by American railroads is about thirty a day, according to telegraphic reports received by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

There has been instituted in Spokane, Wash., by Mrs. John Bruce Dodd, "Fathers' Day," as an honor to the dead fathers of the land. Its first observance was last year, the third Sunday in June.

The people of Shanghai have added $10,000 to a similar amount appropriated by the American Red Cross Society to pay the expenses of scientifically studying the rivers of China, with a view of preventing the recurrence of disastrous floods in the Celestial Empire.

Remarkable astronomical theories were expounded in a lecture by Edwin F. Naulty, of New York, declaring that the remarkable weather of this spring and summer and of the last three years, was due to the presence of a comet in the solar system.

Mark Twain, the noted humorist, left actual property worth $471,136. The value of his personal estate in New York alone is $296,746.

All record of death rates of Boston were broken last week, when the total number was 394 in one week, against 375 the previous week. One hundred were due to the heat.

A colored regiment will form a portion of the National Guard of New York State in the near future, according to a bill passed by the legislature. There was considerable opposition to the measure by members who declared unalterable opposition to any legislation which drew lines of race or creed.

A water famine in several portions of Chicago is threatened as a result of the long-continued hot weather. In many houses the water will run only in the basement.

One of the features of the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Bull Run was a pilgrimage of Confederate and Union Veterans to the battlefield of Blackburn's Ford. The Veterans of both armies participated at night in a camp-fire meeting.

Every port of entry is being watched by all Government health and immigration officers on both the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, and immigrants are to be held in quarantine ten days, as grave fears of an epidemic of cholera in this country are entertained.

The Eiffel Tower, which already serves many purposes in Paris, is now to be transformed into a huge "parohail." Just as a parasol protects a person from the rays of the sun, so the "parohail," by electric currents, it is claimed, will protect Paris from hail within a radius of twenty miles.

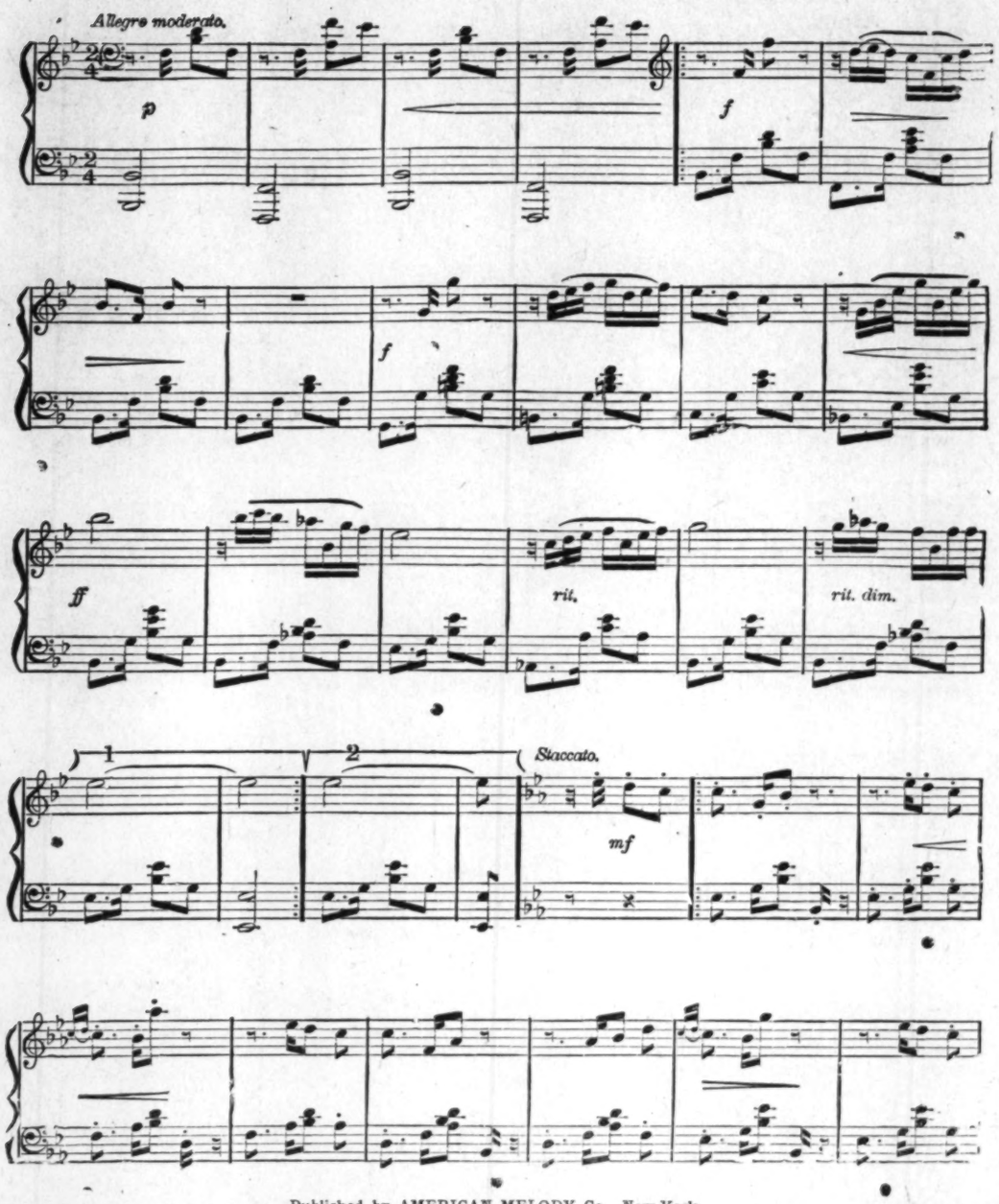
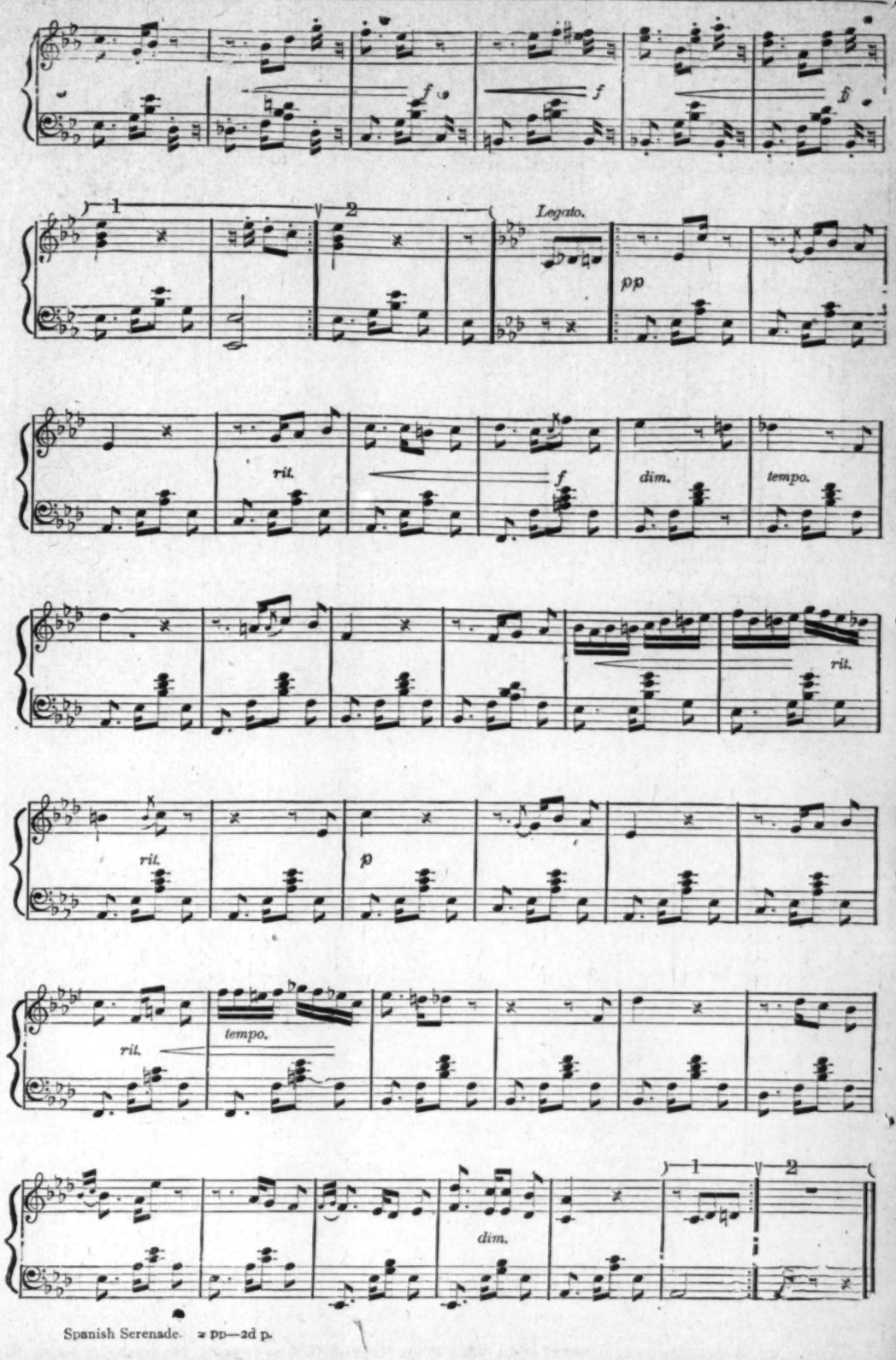
The Confederate flag after being borne through six battles, captured by a Northern regiment, and returned in triumph to its original owners. is the history of the battle flag of the Seventeenth Virginia Regiment.

The City Council has passed an ordinance that no one may sell peanuts on the streets of Bonham, Texas, until he has suffered the amputation of both legs. The purpose is to admit an aged colored man to freeze out all competitors.

Joseph H. Taft, a cousin of the President, is dead. Mr. Taft was an architect and formerly had an office in New York, but for two years failing health had kept him in retirement.

SPANISH SERENADE.

(Spanischer Tanz)

As played by SCHWAB'S Celebrated Orchestra

Published by AMERICAN MELODY Co., New York.

Spanish Serenade. 2 pp—2d p.

Have You Any Mantle Troubles?

USE BLOCK **INNERLIN** LINED MANTLES

PATENTED-REGISTERED

SEE THE LINING?

AND YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER

Block Innerlin Lined Mantles give 50 per cent. more light and will **outlast six ordinary mantles. This means a saving of 75 per cent. on your mantle expense. TWO COMPLETE GAS MANTLES IN ONE. Price, 25 cents**

GET ONE TO TRY WITHOUT COST

Save the box covers from 12 Block Vy-tal-ty Mantles—the best 10 and 15-cent grade of mantles sold—take them to your dealer, or send them to us, and get a Block Innerlin Lined Mantle free.

Block Vy-tal-ty and Block Innerlin Lined Mantles are for sale at Hardware, China, Plumbing, Grocery and Department Stores.

Dealers Write for Our Descriptive Circular and New Catalogue

The Block Light Co., Youngstown, Ohio

(Sole Manufacturers)

Headquarters for Incandescent Mantles, Burners and Supplies of every description, Gas, Gasoline, Kerosene, High Pressure, etc.

For sale by Golde berg Deparment Store, I. Small — W. T. & F. B. Weaver — Armentrout & Son

W.B. Reduso CORSETS

THE W. B. Reduso Corset brings well-developed figures into graceful, slender lines. It reduces the hips and abdomen from one to five inches.

Simple in construction, the Reduso —unhampered by straps or cumbersome attachments of any sort, transforms the figure completely.

Fabrics are staunch woven, durable materials, designed to meet the demand of strain and long wear. There are several styles to suit the requirements of all stout figures.

Style 770 (*as pictured*) medium high bust, long over hips and abdomen. Made of durable coutil or batiste, with lace and ribbon trimming. Three pairs hose supporters. Sizes 19 to 36. Price **$3.00.**

Other REDUSO models **$3.00** per pair upwards to **$10.00.**

W. B. Nuform and **Erect Form** Corsets—in a series of perfect models, for all figures, **$1.00** upwards to **$5.00** per pair.

Sold at all stores, everywhere.

WEINGARTEN BROS., *Makers,* **34th St. at Broadway, New York**

Ingenious men are continually contriving new kinds of shoes, new suspenders and hundreds of different kinds of braces, but so far, says the Therapeutic Gazette, no one has taken up the idea of making a hat which will hold on the head and not blow off and at the same time not bind the head all around like a constricting band.

Some men go without hats at times with the idea that the hair is improved by ventilation and sunshine. Undoubtedly this does improve it, but the prime secret is not in not wearing the hat at all. The ventilated hat will not prevent baldness if this same hat be worn tightly around the head. If a string be tied ever so lightly around the finger the effect upon the circulation may be easily marked in the end of that finger. A tight hat will affect the circulation of the scalp in the same way.

Hats which are easily blown off should never be worn, as they will not stay on unless jammed so tightly upon the head as to impede circulation. All stiff, rigid hats should be very light, and one should select a size larger than the head measurement and correct the over size by inserting felt strips under the sweat band, thus giving a cushion-like effect and preventing the constriction at that portion of the scalp.

FIRST POST HOUSES.

Established by Cyrus, the Founder of the Persian Empire.

The first posts are said to have originated in the regular couriers established by Cyrus the Great about 550 B. C., who erected post houses throughout the kingdom of Persia. Augustus was the first to introduce this institution among the Romans, 31 B. C., and he was imitated by Charlemagne about 800 A. D. Louis XI. was the first sovereign to establish post houses in France, owing to his eagerness for news, and they were also the first institution of this nature in Europe. This was in 1470, or about 2,000 years after they were started in Persia.

In England in the reign of Edward IV. (1481) riders on post horses went stages of the distance of twenty miles from each other in order to procure the king the earliest intelligence of the events that passed in the course of the war that had arisen with the Scots. A proclamation was issued by Charles I. in 1631 that, "whereas to this time there hath been no certain intercourse between the kingdoms of England and Scotland, the king now commands his postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two between Edinburgh and London to go thither and come back again in six days."

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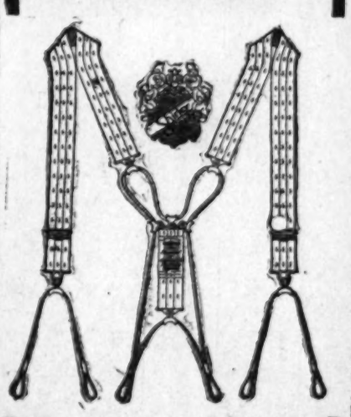


The kind that most men wear. Notice the cord back and the front ends. They slide in frictionless tubes and move as you move. You will quickly see why Shirley President Suspenders are comfortable and economical for the working man or business man.

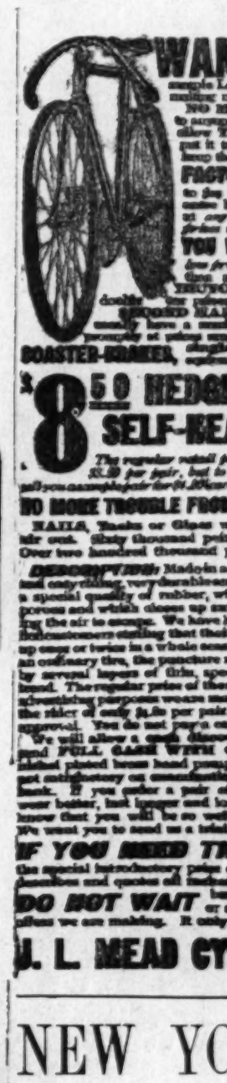
Light, Medium or Extra Heavy Weights —Extra Lengths for Tall Men.

Price **50 Cents** from your local dealer or by mail from the factory.

Signed Guarantee on every pair

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.

333 MAIN STREET, SHIRLEY, MASS.



WANTED—A RIDER AGENT IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write for full particulars and special offer at once.

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, no matter where you live, without a cent deposit in advance, *freight prepaid*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save the big middleman's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of factory prices and remarkable special offers to rider agents.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful art catalogue and study our superb models at the marvelously low prices we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.50 profit above factory cost. Our 1902 models are ready for delivery, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double the profit you had expected.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

COASTER-BRAKES, sundries, tires, lamps, wheels, inexpensive rubber sundries and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at half the usual retail prices.

$8.50 HEDGETHORN PUNCTURE-PROOF SELF-HEALING TIRES $4.80 A SAMPLE PAIR TO ESTABLISH, ONLY

The regular retail price of these tires is $9.00 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for $4.80 or how with order ($4.75).

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES

NAILS, Tacks or Glass will not let the air out. Sixty thousand pairs sold last year. Over two hundred thousand pairs now in use.

DESCRIPTION Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and within closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of tire, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $9.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders stripped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price $4.56) per pair if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. We will also send one nickel plated brass bell free. Tires to be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not entirely satisfactory. Remember we are perfectly reliable and any agent can write us in order to get acquainted. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, look longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of the special introductory price quoted above, or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all kinds and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

NEW YORK CANDY KITCHEN

1506 7th St. N. W.

Fresh Candies Daily

Good Chocolate Candy 15c lb. Good Taffy 10c lb.

PURE ICE CREAM $1.00 gal. 30c qt.

Former Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks, in an address before Christian Endeavorers in Atlantic City, said: "When I arrived here I would never have known it was Sunday save looking at the calendar. The conditions were shameful, worse than in many European cities." The applause was scattered.

The violent wind and hail storm which swept Lee County, Ala., caused damages estimated at $150,000, and practically every vestige of growing crops was destroyed.

John P. Jones, the noted Welsh composer and vocalist, died in Chicago last week at the age of 88 years. He died while singing one of his favorite hymns.

A BLIGHT

By ELIZABETH WEED

Edith Wilton combined two marked contradictions. She possessed a lovable disposition, but when she was a baby, through the carelessness of a nurse, she fell and cut her lip, producing a wound that in healing left a scar, giving a very disagreeable expression to her face.

Edith could see in the faces of those she met a repugnance occasioned by her expression. At first she tried to obviate this effect by smiling, but she saw at once by the further recoil of the one looking at her that she was only heightening the disagreeable impression. Such physical blights usually have one of two effects, either the blighted person is unconscious of the defect or becomes painfully sensitive concerning it. Edith was of the latter class. She would not go to the social gatherings of her own age. More and more she shrank within herself. Then, becoming conscious that in being a recluse she would be forced into a life of selfishness, she began to devote herself to the poor.

She had friends, girl friends, who sought to draw her out socially. Confidence between young girls is close, while that between opposite sexes, especially at that age, is distant. The young men who met Edith looked upon the expression on her face and turned away with a shrug. Her girl friends had a better opportunity to learn what there was under the misleading expression. When one of her chums was married she insisted on Edith being her bridesmaid. Edith demurred, but her friend would not excuse her.

At the wedding the bridesmaid, looking up suddenly, saw the eyes of a young man she had never seen riveted upon her and without that repelled expression she was accustomed to see. The man was a recent graduate of a medical school. The reason why his face did not reflect any disagreeable expression at her defect was because, being a practitioner, he was used to controlling his features when treating his patients.

But Edith did not know this. She knew only that a man with a kindly face was looking at her without any reference to her defect. And when Dr. Allan Emerson requested an introduction and was presented to her her heart fairly bounded within her. Not for an instant while he chatted with her did he seem conscious of her blight. And she, being made to feel that it was inconsequential, rose above it so far as to display the real attractiveness and worth that were in her.

And yet the reason of the young doctor's desire to make her acquaintance was that very defect. He had been observing her before she had noticed him and with a professional eye had been watching the effect of her scar upon the various expressions that flitted across her face. Some physicians, rough in manner, though they may be invaluable helpers to the afflicted, would not have scrupled to betray the real object of their interest. Emerson was of a different kind. He not only concealed his own thoughts for professional reasons, but from an innate sense of delicacy.

Whatever be the exact analysis of his feelings, the act produced a marked impression upon Edith Wilton. A man whose personnel, whose bearing, was far above the average had not only failed to show any repugnance at her defect, but had asked to be introduced to her and chatted with her, displaying unusual interest in her without seeming to be conscious that there was any difference between her and other girls, unless to her advantage. But when he asked her if he might not call upon her the cup of her delight was full.

A few months after the meeting Dr. Emerson asked Edith to be his wife. When she had accepted him he mentioned for the first time her defect, letting her know that he believed he could remove at least its effects.

"Why," said Edith, "didn't you remove it before proposing to me?"

"Because, sweetheart," he replied, "these stupid men who have been passing you by would have learned of your real worth, and the field would have been full of rivals."

There was more in her eyes than in her words when she replied, "You know very well that none of them were to be feared by you."

But Edith dreaded lest in case an operation were not successful her lover might find himself tied through life to a blighted woman and unhappiness for both would result. She therefore insisted on having the operation performed and if the trouble were removed the marriage to take place afterward. Dr. Emerson demurred to this, saying that whether the operation were or were not a success he would not give her up. Both stood firmly on the ground that they had taken, but the man, since the result would be the same to him in any event, finally yielded.

The operation was merely a matter of delicate handling, its only object being to produce a certain result of facial expression. Dr. Emerson performed it himself, covering the wound he made with a piece of skin from the arm of another person. When the whole had healed and the bandages were removed, though the scar remained, the expression on the face had entirely changed.

Dr. Emerson is facetious in his remarks upon how he kept rivals from the girl he wanted and whom as his wife he considers a treasure.

A Ring at The Doorbell

By LOUISE IDA ROSS

Mr. and Mrs. Trevor were sitting one October evening before a blazing wood fire—they had not yet lighted the furnace—and the room was aglow and redolent with the pleasant odor of burning wood. The children had been romping, Mr. Trevor carrying Bennie pigaback and Willie on all fours, but their mother had now taken them all, including the girls, up to bed, tucked them in, kissed them good night and had returned with her sewing, which she was doing by the big lamp on the table, while Mr. Trevor read a magazine.

There was a ring at the bell.

Now, for many years there was something in the ring of his doorbell that cast a sober look over Samuel Trevor's face. But to explain the reason for this it is necessary to go back to the time when he was a very young man.

When he was but eighteen his father, who was a lumber merchant, sent his son to a lumber camp that he might learn the business which would one day be his, from the beginning. There is danger to all persons of that age of inexperience and recklessness that they may make a mesalliance, and on that account it is a bad plan to take them away from young girls of their own social circle and place them among their inferiors. And where would a young man of refinement find people more his inferiors than in a lumber camp? Among the girls there was Madge Hopkins, the daughter of a lumberman, several years older than Trevor, who lured him into indiscretions with her, then threatened him with vengeance if he refused to marry her. He did so, but immediately left the camp.

An effort was made to annul the marriage, but it was unsuccessful. Then the woman offered to refrain from troubling her husband if his father would support her. Remittances were sent regularly for a season, when suddenly a newspaper was received containing a notice of her death. No doubt was felt of the truth of the notice when several years had passed and, no remittances having been sent, no demand was made for them.

Twelve years after the conclusion of this episode Samuel Trevor married Agatha Beach. He told her all about it before being engaged to her, not expressing a doubt that his first wife was dead. "You may be sure of that," said Agatha, "or she would be drawing the lifeblood out of you." Nevertheless Trevor, having had nothing but the death notice to prove to him Madge Hopkins' demise, never felt absolutely sure. And that was the reason why a certain dread was connected with the ringing of his doorbell.

A maid in a neat uniform of black and white went to the door, and the wife and husband heard a woman's coarse voice ask for Mr. Trevor. Then, without waiting to be announced, the caller brushed past the maid and into the sitting room.

"Hello, Sam!" she said.

Trevor put his hands to his face and trembled. It was Madge Hopkins, and, judging from her appearance, she had been growing coarser with every year.

Mrs. Trevor ran to her husband and put her arms about him as if to shield him from the blow.

"Y' needn't be afraid o' me," said the woman, "if you'll give me somethin' to live on."

"Why did I receive that notice of your death?" faltered Trevor.

"I ain't got nothin' to do with that. I ain't got nothin' to live on. Send them remittances that was dropped and I'll let y' alone."

"Mamma!" cried the oldest daughter, a girl of ten, from above. "What's the matter?"

"Leave your address and go," said Trevor, eager to get the woman out of the house before the children should learn who she was.

The address was given, and the woman went away. Then after a silence Mr. Trevor said:

"Don't worry on my account, dearie. My position is not pleasant, but what is it compared with the interest of you and the children? Be comforted. We will keep the secret. Send the remittances regularly and no one will be the wiser."

But Mrs. Trevor had no intention of letting the matter rest where it was. A shrewd woman, she believed that there had been some weak spot in Madge Hopkins' record which was accountable for the spurious death notice and the failure to claim the remittances.

It was but a week after this, when Trevor came home one evening from business, that his wife received him with a radiant countenance that boded good news. Taking him to a room where the children would not hear and closing the door, she said:

"It's all right. I put a detective on her track, and he has been here this afternoon to report. The woman has never been Madge Hopkins since you have known her. She was secretly married before you met her to a lumber shover—whatever that is—and, he drifting away, she took you in. But after you left he returned and claimed her. She lived with him; but, fearing if you appeared in their lives she would be tried for bigamy, she sent you the notice of her death, which she had inserted in a paper for the purpose, and gave up the remittances. Her husband has recently died, and she came back on you for support."

Feeling a Part

By REGINALD D. HAVEN

"I never did but one good act in my life," said the old counterfeiter. "There wasn't much credit in it to me, but it was productive of a lot of happiness to others. It occurred many years ago, and as I am now a very old man and have a very long, troubled life to look back upon, including several terms in the penitentiary, it stands out from the rest of my acts in odd contrast.

"It was in the summer of 1859 that several of us got together in a northern city and manufactured a number of twenty dollar counterfeit bills. As soon as we had finished the job we destroyed the outfit, divided the bills and started for different parts of the country to put them out on the public, my section being the south. Boarding one of the crack steamers of that day, I started for New Orleans. In order the better to impose on people I dressed myself in ministerial black and wore a white cravat. I had been an actor and could personate a clergyman, or any one else, for that matter, to perfection.

"The main cabin of the steamers running on the Mississippi river in those days, when the table was not set for meals, was occupied principally for gambling. Poker, seven-up, euchre and other games were played, though the parties playing were not large and often two persons only occupied a table. I was sitting on the guards one day when a negro came out of the cabin, wringing his hands.

"'What's the matter, boy?' I asked.

"'Mars' done gone lose me to a niggah trader. Ma wife an' pickaninnies won't nebber see me no mo'.'

"I found that his master, a planter, had taken him to Cairo as his body servant, was returning, had lost all the money he had with him at cards, staked his darky and lost him too. I went into the cabin, where the planter and the trader were settling up, the planter being at the moment occupied in making out a bill of sale for the slave.

"'I beg your pardon, sir,' I said to the planter. 'On account of my vocation I am opposed, of course, to gambling in any form, but I dislike exceedingly the separation of families. I understand that you have lost your negro. I would be pleased to lend you the money to win him back.'

"The gentleman accepted the offer. I brought out some new, crisp bills, just from the press, and the game started anew. It was euchre. I soon saw that the gambler could go on winning from the trader all day if he liked, for the former was perpetrating one of the commonest tricks on him—that is, 'turning jack.' In other words, when he dealt he would always turn up a knave for himself. Seeing this and other cheating, I interfered. I told him that I had learned the game before becoming a clergyman and insisted on taking the planter's place. Since I was backing the latter he was obliged to yield to me in the matter, which he did with a bad grace.

"I had not only learned the game 'before becoming a clergyman,' but all the tricks that went with it and many other games. I walked into that card sharper in a way that opened his eyes. The negro at stake had followed me into the cabin and was standing watching the game with bulging eyes. It was hard for me to keep a straight face, playing as I was, a supposed minister of the gospel, with counterfeit money and doing as neat bits of thimblerigging as had ever been practiced on that palatial steamboat. The negro trader was not a professional card sharper, though he didn't hesitate to cheat the planter, and never dreamed that the somber man before him in a spotless white necktie was placing the cards exactly where he wanted them.

"Of course I soon won the darky for his master. Then I arose from the table, delivered a homily on the sin of gambling and returned to the guards. I was followed by the planter, who said to me:

"'Pe'mit me, suh, to say to yo' that yo're the first man of the cloth that has eveh obtained my unbounded respect, suh. Yo' have saved my boy, suh, from being separated from his wife and children, an act fo' which I would have been to blame. I have sufficient influence, suh, to control a call to the First Baptist church of ——, Mississippi. If yo' will accept it it shall be yo's with a fat salary.'

"I thanked the gentleman for his offer, but declined it. When we reached his landing he insisted so heartily upon my visiting him at his plantation that I consented.

"I was made welcome by his family, and the wife and children of the negro I had saved from the trader came to the house with tears in their eyes to thank me. I was a good looking young fellow in those days and could see that I made an impression on one of the planter's daughters. I had everything at my disposal to perpetrate any rascality I might choose. I could get the planter's indorsement, which would enable me to dispose of my 'green goods,' and I believed I could win his daughter.

"I did neither. For a brief season I enjoyed the sensation of being a fine fellow. During that time I permitted myself to feel the part just as an actor will feel the character he is personating. Then when it was over I departed, resisting with difficulty the reproachful look of the girl who favored me, and as soon as I was on another boat was again a dog of a counterfeiter."

THE GILA MONSTER

By DAVID WALTER CHURCH

Little Inez Basquemento, a Mexican girl I saw while engineering in the southwest, was a merry child (if she had been born in the north she would have been a child; but, being a Mexican, she was a woman). She might have been anywhere from fourteen to sixteen. She played the guitar and sang with a little birdlike voice, jabbered Spanish musically, danced, and her face wore a perpetual smile, which was for every one. But if any person attempted to guy her she would knit her brows and shrink away as though terrified. And once her confidence was lost by a bit of banter her good will could never be regained.

There was a young engineer engaged on the same work as myself out there, at the time fresh from one of the "Teck" schools of the northern states. He was twenty years old, handsome as a picture and as bright as a new brass button. What must he do but make love to Inez with all the recklessness of youth regardless of the consequences both to himself and her! I, who was older, saw his danger and warned him. I knew what was up, for in the evening when the day's work was over I would hear on the Basquemento veranda the twang of Inez's guitar, her little flute voice, her merry laughter mingled with sounds which I recognized as coming from Ben Eggleston, the young man who was sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.

"You little fool," I would say to him, "don't you know that the girl is a mingling of child and woman—child in inexperience, woman in development; that she will fall in love with you and then"—

"I'll break it off at once," would be the young fellow's invariable reply. The boy fully intended to keep his resolution when it was made, but gave up trying to do so when it got cold. The next night I would hear the same pleasant sounds on the veranda and knew that they were breeding the same storm.

This went on till the work on that division was finished and we were about to move. Eggleston assured me there wouldn't be any trouble. The girl was such a child that he couldn't believe she had been attracted to him as she might have been if more of a woman. He was going away and would simply bid her goodby as he would any other girl of immature years whose companion he had been.

"My advice to you," I said, "is to do no such thing. Go without saying anything about your going."

He didn't take my advice. The day before leaving he told her in a careless way that the engineering party to which he belonged was going to move its headquarters.

"And I will not see you again?" said the girl, her smile vanishing.

"Perhaps not," replied Ben, not thinking it wise to leave her to look forward to meeting him again. "You'll grow up soon and get married. Then you won't want any young men friends like me."

In order the better to kill in her all expectation of getting any nearer to him he told her he had a girl in the north.

That evening I met Inez carrying a cudgel in one hand and a canvas bag in the other. She wore the same innocent look she had always worn, but I noticed a peculiar glitter in her eye. There was something incongruous in a little girl's carrying a bludgeon, and, naturally fearful for Ben Eggleston, I could not help vaguely connecting the act with the jilting he was giving her. She passed me without looking back, and, taking position behind a tree, I watched her.

She went along, looking about her on the ground as if searching for something. She spent half an hour in this way, I following her, taking a new position now and then where I would not be observed by her. Presently I saw her hit something with her weapon. Then she picked up what looked to me from a short distance like a baby alligator. She held it by the tail, dropped it into the bag, closed the mouth and went away.

I didn't know what it all meant; but, still timorous about Ben, I told him he had better not wait for the moving of the party, but get out at once. He laughed at me and said there was nothing to fear and if there were he wouldn't run from a little Mexican girl who had scarcely given up her doll.

We engineers slept in a long temporary building one story high. That night I was startled by an unearthly yell. Springing out of bed, I ran along to a room where Eggleston and a rodman slept. The window was open, and Eggleston had just struck a light. His roommate was holding one leg and writhing with pain.

"Kill it!" he yelled.

Then I saw a little alligator looking thing on the floor.

"Kill it! It's the Gila monster and has bitten me. I'm gone up."

Inez's actions were explained. She had dropped the reptile in through the window on Ben, she supposed, but really on his roommate. For a week the poor devil howled in agony, then died.

That was years ago. Ben Eggleston has never married. The bare mention of a woman produces on him a temporary insanity.

THE SIREN

By CORA HATHORN SYKES

Each dwelling should be a thing of itself, not containing any one except the family whose home it is. Many a wife and husband have been separated, innocent children made to suffer and sometimes murder done because of a man or a woman going to live with a family of which they were not a part.

The Browns were a humdrum couple, content with each other and their home. When it was decided to have a governess for their children Miss Olive Markam was selected for the purpose. Miss Markam was pretty, and Mrs. Brown should have hesitated before taking her into the sheepfold. Not that the wolf was likely to harm her lambs, but there was a sheep in the family who, though not very tender, was liable to fall a prey to the newcomer. Neither Mrs. Brown nor her husband gave the entrance of Miss Markam into the family a thought so far as danger was concerned. Neither had ever known a pang of jealousy. Mr. Brown was a pudgy, baldheaded man of forty-two; Mrs. Brown was a tall, angular woman but a year his junior. Neither supposed that the other could attract any one else even if so inclined. The governess was but twenty and replied to Mr. Brown's remarks with "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," as a person of an entirely different generation. And yet there was danger in her presence at the Browns'.

Mr. Brown had his own sleeping room, where he might get a quiet night's rest without being disturbed by the rest of the family. One night he wakened from a bad dream and could not go to sleep again. After vainly endeavoring for an hour or more to do so he got up, put on a dressing gown and went downstairs to get a biscuit and a glass of wine, hoping that by thus drawing the blood to his stomach he might return to slumber. He took great care to move softly that he might not awaken any of the family and on reaching the dining room refrained even from striking a light. He found what he wanted in the sideboard and, having partaken of it, was about to return to his room when he felt his hand clasped by a softer one.

Mr. Brown knew Mrs. Brown's hand very well. It was not soft; it was not even round. On the contrary, it was hard and bony. A current shot quickly up his arm and entered—his heart? no, his self esteem, exciting that natural gratification a man who has passed middle life feels in attracting a young woman. The conviction that the governess had fallen in love with him popped into Mr. Brown's head and created there a disturbance at once delightful and terrifying. On the one hand was his home, his wife, his children; on the other, the siren. If he listened to the one the wreck of the others was sure to follow. But had he the power to resist? Mr. Brown felt in his bones that he had not.

All this flashed through Mr. Brown's mind in the two or three seconds that he held the hand in his. Then it was withdrawn, and without sound or farewell the owner passed. With a wildly beating heart he stood, listened, hoped for further manifestation, feared he would receive it, groped for it with outstretched hands, was disappointed, comforted, troubled, pleased and thrilled all at the same time. At last, being convinced that the owner of the hand had gone, he returned to his room.

Mr. Brown lay awake till daylight, a prey to different emotions, then went to sleep and dreamed that he and the governess were floating down a river whose banks were covered with luxuriant foliage and overhung with flowers. She was the same woman, but transfigured to one of transcendent beauty. He bent over the side of the boat and saw his own face reflected in the water. To his surprise, his hair had come back on his head with no gray streaks in it, and his eye had regained the fire of youth.

Then he took her hand in his—the same hand he had held before. There was the same pleasurable thrill without the dread of consequences. The wife of his bosom, so far as his dream was concerned, had no existence; his children were not yet born. He drifted in paradise.

He was awakened by a shake and the words: "Elisha, are you going to sleep all day? Get up!"

It was Mrs. Brown, in dishabille and forming a dreadful contrast with the companion of his dream. Mr. Brown lay a few moments trying to get used to the returned reality, then slowly got out of bed, forced himself into his clothes and went down into the dining room. The family were at breakfast. His oldest daughter, aged fourteen, looked at him mischievously.

"How did you like the ghost, papa?" she asked, her eyes dancing with fun.

"W-h-a-t ghost?"

But he knew before she told him that she had got up in the night for a glass of water, heard him leave his room, followed him and, with better eyes than his, clasped his hand.

"My dear," said Mr. Brown to his wife after breakfast and before going downtown, "I've been thinking that the children will get on better going to school than taught by a governess."

"Perhaps you're right, pa. Anyway, we can't keep Miss Markam after the holidays. She's going to be married."

"Married!"

"Yes, to a very nice looking young fellow, a year older than she. Same difference as between us, dear."

WHEN ABNER GOT MAD

By M. QUAD

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Miss Eunice Glasser was a "sorter" old maid, but it was not her fault. Abner Jackson, who was a "sorter" old bachelor, had been courting her for five years without actually popping the question. She lived with her widowed mother in the village, and he worked a little farm just outside.

Abner wasn't lazy. He was just a good natured poke of a man. He was goin' to get married some day, but there was no hurry about it. He always talked as if he intended to marry Eunice, but he didn't come down to details. He didn't ask her to name the day and arrange the bridal tour. Eunice liked Abner and bore with him, but she was getting rather tired of it when her Aunt Hannah came on a visit. Aunt Hannah saw Abner two or three times, understood his natnre and then said to her niece:

"Look here, you've got a poke of a man hanging around after you, and it may be ten years more before he'll say anything about marriage. Are you going to put up with it or do something?"

"Why, auntie, what can I do?"

"Get mad at him and make him think he's going to lose you."

"He only laughs when I get mad."

"Then set in and criticise his feet, his nose, his eyebrows. Tell him that he's the homeliest man you ever saw."

"I don't think he'd mind it at all."

"Didn't you ever see him show any temper?"

"Not a bit. He was run over by a drove of hogs once and got up laughing. No, you can't make Abner mad. He's a poke, but an awfully good man."

"And are you going to keep right on for the next fifty years, are you?"

One afternoon three or four days later a vinegar barrel with one head out was left at the house by the grocer to be used as a rain barrel. The house stood on quite a hill, and there was a sharp slope down to the village street. About the hour Abner usually appeared Eunice was sent on an errand to the other side of the village, and when the "poke" arrived Aunt Hannah was the one to greet him. She took him to the corner of the house where the barrel stood and promptly began:

"See here, Mr. Jackson, you've been dawdling around here for years. What are you after?"

"Why—why"— he stammered as he leaned up against the house and could say no more.

"Oh, you can't tell! I knew you couldn't. You've come here almost every night in the week for months and years and squatted yourself down, and what for? Your talk can't interest anybody. The sight of you isn't inspiring. If I was Eunice I'd just as soon have a wooden man around. And yet you come and squat and squat. I ask you, sir, what you mean by such conduct?"

"I—I guess I'll go home," answered Abner, who was too astonished to see straight.

"And I guess you won't," said Aunt Hannah, "at least not until you have explained yourself. I've been looking at you. If I had a cow as homely as you are I'd knock her in the head with the ax. Hump shouldered, bowlegged and feet like an elephant, and yet you come here and squat around and take up a girl's time! Why, man, what can you think of yourself?"

"I'll never come again!" exclaimed Abner in a changed voice.

"That's good. That's what I wanted to hear you say. Go and squat somewhere else. Go and find the homeliest girl in the country to match you. The first time I saw you I knew you was a poke of a man and you hadn't grit enough to push a toad off its nest."

"Woman, be careful! If you aggravate me too much"—

"Aggravate an old poke! Why, man, it would take you three years to get mad, even if you started in tonight."

The next thing she knew she was being lifted off her feet in Abner's strong arms and deposited in the handy barrel. Before she could yelp twice the barrel was whirled on its side and given a kick to start it down the slope. It took an erratic course. It ran to the right a few feet and then shied to the left. It stopped for a moment at a gooseberry bush and then dodged and jumped clear over a crabapple tree. There were yelling and screaming from the inmate of the barrel, but Abner stood and watched the circus and shouted back:

"I'm a poke, am I? I'm a squatter, am I? I've got bowlegs and humped shoulders and feet like an elephant! Gol durn your hide, roll on!"

And the barrel rolled, and Aunt Hannah rolled, and neither of them stopped rolling till the barrel crashed through the fence and brought up against a shade tree in the street. No one was killed. No bones were broken. Aunt Hannah crept out and up to the house and was just finished with the last of the arnica when Miss Eunice came rushing in with radiant face to exclaim:

"I was coming back home—and I met Abner—and he was swearing—and he grabbed me by the arm—and he said he'd break my neck if I didn't go right to the preacher's and be married—and—and"—

"And you went?"

"Yes, and we were married. I had to be. Abner ain't a poke any more, but the awfulest, determinedest man you ever heard of. Why, auntie, he told me to tell you that you could go to thunder and be durned to you!"

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NAME FOR NORMAL SCHOOL.

The location for the new building for Normal School No. 2 having been definitely settled, it will be in order to appropriately name the same. The Bee has heretofore suggested that recognition should be given Mr. George F. T. Cook for his long and valuable services as superintendent of colored schools in the District of Columbia, by naming either the Normal or the High School building after him, and still entertains the same opinion. Among the names mentioned, in addition to Mr. Cook, for Normal School No. 2 are several who rendered good service in the colored schools, such as: John H.Brooks, William H. A. Wormley, William H. Smith, George B. Vashon, Perry H Rider and Miss Myrtle Minor. The first and last name mentioned have a closer identity with the Normal School than either of the others. Miss Minor laid the foundation for the creation of the school by bequeathing a large sum of money, at her death, for the preparation of colored girls for teachership. Mr. Brooks, as trustee (crystallized through a contract between the Minor Fund trustees and the School Board) into working operation the Normal School for Colored Childrern. Prior to the establishment of this school Mr. Brooks, as member of the Upper Council, under the territory form of government, fell into disfavor with his race by working and voting against an amendment proposed by Lewis H. Douglass, also a member of the Upper Council, to the then pending bill creating a normal school for the white girls. The amendment of Mr. Douglass struck out all reference to color, and had it not been for Mr. Brooks' activity and vote would have become a law and Washington would have had one instead of two normal schools. The feeling at the time among the colored people against Mr. Brooks was very bitter, and several indignation meetings were held and Mr. Brooks' action and vote severely denounced.

Mr. Brooks' subsequent labor in the colored schools as trustee and secretary to the Board of Trustees, together with his successful effort in bringing about the establishment of a Normal School for Colored Girls, mollified somewhat the intense feeling of the colored people against him.

The new building should bear the name of one whose name, character and standing in the community or out of it are commensurate with the purpose and high aims of the school. The Normal School for Colored Children at the Capital of the Nation should bear a designaton suggestive of its pre-eminent and advanced position as an educator and its name should be one that will not require a card of introduction or an explanation or an apology to the educators of the country.

NO FATTED CALF.

Killing the fatted calf for the returned prodigal is a Biblical narrative that finds few instances of emulation in these practical and prosaic times. There are some people, and some newspapers, who have an eye single to the possible killing of a fatted calf, along about campaign time, who are just now professing undying, never-ceasing and consistent support and espousal of President Taft, who but a fifth of a decade ago were troubled lest they could not find terms strong enough to criticise him in. The Bee can recall those who made up that vagabond army of Negroes looking for the filthy lucre three years ago. Now they are pointing to their alleged consistency in the support of Mr. Taft. We desire to see and to have all come in and, with us, praise and support him, and while we will not kill a fatted calf and invite the populace to a feast in honor of the prodigals, we will welcome them. However, we would like to remind all these, and especially the would-be and near-great derelicts that TheBee was stanch in its support of Mr. Taft prior to and after the Chicago Convention. Our files contain the proof. The editor of The Bee did not ally himself with that alleged Negro IndependentLeague which opposed Mr. Taft, and we did not, therefore, have to desert any fellow-conspirators, who also were mercenary independents, so soon as the ballot was announced settling the nomination of Mr. Taft. We invite all to join us for the President who has maintained the greatest representation, and the best, ever accorded the race by a president of these United States —but all you who were under pay of the "allies" please don't prate too awfully much about your loyalty to the President, for we might have occasion to reproduce some interesting records. Just come and be of us, but don't claim superiority. Three years is not long enough to forget some things. Now we have got to elect Mr. Taft to succeed himself, if the Negro hopes for a future, so let us be about our work, and cease tossing bouquets at yourselves.

NEGRO DEMOCRACY.

It is amusing as well as ridiculous to hear colored men declare for the Democratic party. It is a question of serious consideration whether it would not be advisable to have these colored men examined. Just how a colored man can declare for the Democratic party in the face of existing conditions is a question for serious consideration.

Democratic Representatives in Congress are declaring against the Negro every day. In States where the Democratic party is in control the colored citizens have no more rights than a convict has in a penitentiary, except the citizen is allowed in the open, while the convict's privileges are limited.

A writer to The Bee a few days ago justifies Democratic Negroes for accepting spittoon washers' positions at the Capitol. He forgets that under a Republican administration the colored citizen is not only appointed to positions of spittoon washers, but to other high and responsible positions.

Vicious utterances of the Governor of South Carolina a few weeks ago are evidences of the feeling of the Democratic party in the South toward the colored citizens. The Democratic party has nothing for the Negro Democrat. The Democratic party has no faith in the Negro Democrat, and many of them remark theNegro is ungrateful If he deserts those who have protected him.

There must be insanity in the Negro Democrat. Certainly nothing but insane beings would support those who abuse them. There is no difference between an insane person and a Negro Democrat. An insane person will attack his best friend. If the Negro Democrat was not insane he would not go to his enemy.

If the Democratic party held out any inducements to the colored Americans, The Bee would not complain. If the Democratic party in States that it controls would repeal its obnoxious laws there would be an inducement for Negroes to give it aid.

Negro Democracy cannot be a factor.

WEARY OF DEMOCRACY

Jim Ross, the dapper and debonair Negro Democrat, of Buffalo, N. Y., who sports a vandyke that would drive even a Parisian to a beauty parlor, is evidently becoming weary of Democratic allegiance,and has about concluded that the Negro can hope for little or nothing from the South-ruled Democratic party. Mr. Ross edits the Gazetteer and Guide, a pictorial magazine published in Buffalo. In the last issue of that publication Mr. Ross penned and published the following editorial:

"The Gazetteer and Monthly Magazine has unqualifiedly and consistently supported all Democratic candidates at all times, but is opposed to the treatment extended the colored men by the power that controls the patronage of this Congress: Speaker Clark, Lloyd, and Henry.

Not a place of honor is filled by a Negro Democrat under this Democratic Congress. Offices of honor filled by Negro Republicans were abolished under the guise of economy.

Negro Democracy has been humiliated and embarrassed by the present leaders of the present Congress; not a single appointment has been given to Negro Democracy, not even a messenger's position has been given to a Negro residing outside the City of Washington.

Republican Congressmen to be congratulated and commended in their fight to retain all of the Republican Negro messengers to the various committees, otherwise white men from the South would have taken their places.

Our consistanet support of Democracy silences our feeling as to the treatment extended Negro Democracy by Speaker Clark, Chairman Lloyd, Chairman Underwood and Chairman Henry, and others of the Committee on Patronage."

THE JUVENILE COURT.

The Bee has the highest respect for the judge of the Juvenile Court. The Bee regards him as a Christian judge and a man of high moral character.

As a Christian and a man who believes in a God, and having been taught to believe that out of one flesh all humanity is made, why should he say, in reference to the Corry girl, had she been a colored girl he would know where to send her? Will the Judge of the Juvenile Court explain what he means? Does he mean to say that he would have sent the Correy girl to the Reform School, where colored girls are sent, if she had been a colored girl? Why are colored girls sent to the Reform School and white girls who commit similar offenses sent to other institutions? Does the judge of the Juvenile Court believe in separate places of punishment? Does he believe that God has one place of punishment for white people and another place for the colored people? Does he believe that the good white and colored people will go to separate places or will be separated after they reach the good place of heavenly bliss? Crime is crime, no matter who commits it, and if there is one place of punishment the offenders should be sent to it, no matter who they may be.

The authorities went so far in the Correy girl's case as to find a suitable place for her outside of the District of Columbia. If the girl had been colored, she would have been sent to jail if the Reform School had been too small to have held her.

SENATOR BURTON

That Senator Burton is one of the ablest men in the United States Senate, and a worthy successor of the many great men the Buckeye State has sent to the Senate, is being evidenced in every debate in which he engages. He is a clear, lucid, incisive debater. He can take the most complex and difficult of understanding economic questions and make them clear and perfectly understandable to the simplest-minded person. Take his remarks made in the Senate Monday in the debate on the campaign publicity bill, for instance. In the discussion of this bill a lot of abstract legal propositions were injected — so many, and so varied as to their bearing on the main proposition—that to the initiated —the plain common citizen not versed in law—the discussion became a maze of perplexing complications. When Senator Burton arose to speak, his language was so plain, his statement of facts so clear, and his explanation of points so lucid, that every one who heard him, or who have since read his remarks understood perfectly the aim and scope of the campaign publicity bill.

Senator Burton is every inch a statesman, and a credit to his native State. He is a serious-minded man of public affairs who labors for public weal.

THE CAMPAIGN.

The readers of The Bee and its friends will find in its columns during the campaign of 1911 and 1912 all the news and issues of the Republican party. Colored voters throughout the country are requested to subscribe now. The Bee is the organ of the people, and if you want a live paper now is the time to subscribe.

Life is short.

* * *

Too short to spend in idleness.

* * *

The fellow with a personal grievance is to be pitied.

* * *

Most people avoid the man with a bile. He's always telling his troubles.

* * *

Wonder if there is a Black Hand Society in Washington? Recent assaults point to one.

* * *

According to newstands sales, TheBee is the only colored newspaper published in Washington.

* * *

When some men attack you, the dear people recognize in the attack a boost, for they consider the source of the attack.

* * *

The circulation of The Bee is growing daily. There is a reason for it. We print by far the most news, and that's what the people pay for.

* * *

When the animus behind an attack becomes known, frequently the attack, like an exploded skyrocket, has spent its force Skyrockets make simply a hissing noise.

* * *

Congress is still with us, and likewise the hot weather. But both have a purpose to serve, so why grumble? It might be hotter, and we might be sad without Congress. Certainly the shopkeepers are not objecting to Congress being in session.

* * *

Some men prefer to employ lies instead of truth, for lies best serve their purpose. The honest man always employs the truth, and nothing but the truth. A lie is of short life. Truth is eternal. A lie may travel fast, but truth is speedy enough to overtake it.

Good Opportunity.

If you want a good home at a reasonable price, read the advertisement of Mr. Rollins in another column of The Bee. These houses are to be sold to first-class colored Americans. Don't fail to inspect them at once.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

I asked Chase to let me out of writing this column this week, on account of the hot weather, but he said the people are watching and waiting for it every week, and he might just as well miss an issue as to miss the Sage's column. That's an awfully nice jolly, but its awfully hard on dearie. Edgar Allan Poe, the morbid nurser of a poetical genius, once wrote:

I dwelt alone
In a world of moan
And my soul was a stagnant tide.

Well now my think tank is just in about that fix. Even mint juleps, home made and home consumed, will not start her going. I just have to crank it up every few minutes.

* * *

Speaking about cranking reminds me that these all-star professionals we have around here who own their automobiles, no matter if bought on the installment plan, are really getting all there is coming to a seal-brown inhabitant of Washington. Now, there's Bud Gaskins. Show me a fellow who is getting more for the dollar than Bud out of that red devil of his. He is in it every minute in the day when he is not practicing painless dentistry. He has promised two or three times to take me out, but I notice he prefers to ride by his lonesome, when he hasn't a bit of corsets, skirts and lace to ride with. And there is Dr. Henry Freeman, who always has a call to make, and Doc. Will Howard, who sends his machine bowling along until he strikes Fourteenth street north of V, and then he just lets her creep and come to a stop. These automobilists are queer fellows, sort of odd in some things, and to call them odd fellows would be about right.

* * *

Now speaking about Odd Fellows reminds me that Brother Asbury,who use to edit the Odd Fellows' Journal after a fashion, is making a herculean effort to organize a bolting order of Odd Fellows. I think Asbury is making a chump of himself in so doing, but I guess he knows what's necessary to earn a living for himself. Now there's no use talking, you ain't going to get many sensible Odd Fellows to pull out of the real thing and hook on to Asbury's aeroplane affair. If there is one thing a colored man does want it's the real thing. You can't give him the phony business in anything except diamonds —and you can't give this to him more than once. Why, I don't believe you could get Alex Martin to join Asbury's joke order, and Alex is a real insurgent. At Baltimore they put the hobbles on Alex, and he has never got over it. He is so worked up over it that they tell me he won't come as far west on F street as Seventh street, for fear of passing Houston's officfie, and as for shaking hands with Houston, why, he would rather shake dice. But they say Will Houston ain't worrying a bit, he's so busy handing down decisions as a member of the Odd Fellows' Supreme Court. Will Pollard says that if ever one of Houston's decisions is carried to the judges of the United States Supreme Court for them to look over, Taft will have to appoint an entire new court at once, for all will die in a fit of laughing.

* * *

But speaking about Martin. Did you ever know that this tall sycamore of the Potomac is a queer compound? Why, he is a sort of an enigma. If you mention Odd Fellows to him, he begins to move like a steam engine and talk like a talking machine. The expenses for that Atlantic City B. M. C. is a nightmare for him. He's always harping on it. Talks about it in his sleep. I wonder why Alec failed to connect at Atlantic City! He can expound the law—the Odd Fellow law— and at Rising Sun Lodge he's the chief oracle, they tell me. Martin is a neat looking chap, straight as an arrow, moves quick, just as if he had plenty of practice. He doesn't bother with police court cases, leaves all of them for Tom Jones, Clinkscales, Hughes and Armond Scott. Nobody has yet just got on to Martin's specialty, for he is so secretive about everything except Morris, Houston, et al.; but when it comes to them he simply explodes. I dodge him every time I see him, because I have got so tired hearing this Odd Fellow story that I can't sleep. Houston and Morris ran their steam roller over rthe Asbury misfits, but somehow or another Martin wasn't flattened out enough. Willie Houston, the pious, says that the old steam roller is being prepared to run some more when they go to Atlanta next year, and they are going to make Link Johnson the razzle dazzle man of the order right in his home town, and then maybe after Link gets thru with it, if his law practice remains as it is now, he may take the old thing back again for a couple of terms. I told that to Martin the other day, and he came near being run over by Dr. Beckley's sewing machine, he got so excited, just about the time Doc Beckley was chug-chuging along. My advice to Martin is to take peppermint for that Odd Fellow delusion. Just stick to your law, Alec, and don't mind a little thing like Asbury's funeral procession order. As bad as Armond Scott hates Houston, he wouldn't join it, and as for Tom Jones joining it, not while His Eloquence, who rooms up on Vermont avenue, can get Vermont Avenue Church cases will he join Asbury's junk army. When you see Ed Morris, Link Johnson, Harry Cummings, Ben Davis and Will Houston going in a body over to Asbury's junk army then you will know it's a real live wire with a bank account. Until then, put a soft pedal on your enthusiasm, dear Alec Martin, the tall brunette legal adviser of Rising Sun Lodge.

* * *

Up in New York the colored men are rejoicing over the law passed creating a colored regiment. Now it is all very nice to get a regiment, but wait till it comes to electing the officers, and I bet they will have to call out the police reserves. My suggestion is that they elect Nap Marshall colonel. Nap has the size and the height, and his experience on that perlous trip to Brownsville, with Chris Stewart, to get evidence, makes him sufficient of a hero to be a colonel. I would like to see Nap in a soldier uniform. He's been a soldier so long without wearing a uniform that the change would do him good. Make Nap Marshall colonel and we will promise New York to send five thousand Washingtonians up to visit camp next year, if transportation is furnished. For Major I nominate W. W. Martin, who runs the Northwest Cafe. I mention him because if he is made major we'll lose him. For Judge Advocate General we can send a bunch of lawyers and near-lawyers up, and we have got several splendid lawyers down here,the equal of Justice White, who have not been able to pass the bar examination. They especially would make crackerjack judge advocate generals. You know, the man who is the most learned in the law, in his own estimation, is the one who can't pass a bar examination. They can expound more law in a minute than Professor Hart can think of in a year. I would like to see them provide enough places for all our near-lawyers, and they might take on, with no disadvantage to Washington, several pairs of near-physicians as surgeon generals. We can fit the whole regiment out with officers, but for just plain, every-day soldiers in the rank, this would be an awfully bad town to come to.

* * *

Say, if you ain't able to get your name in the newspaper somehow and somewhere, don't you know you are a mollycoddle? If you can't get it in through a bunch of praise nosegays, why come in through a roast. And, don't you know, some kind of criticism is the best thing a fellow can get. When you hand him, in the newspapers, a yard or two of taffy every week, people get so they don't read it, and just conclude the fellow is only a 25-yard-dash man. But, let the newspapers criticise him and everybody at once concludes he's a medal of honor man; some big noise around the town. And when a fellow gets use to criticism, when his skin gets toughened to it, don't you know it's salmon salad to him. Only a fellow who don't amount to a tinker's damn fails to get handed a roast in the newspapers. The man who amounts to something, who is doing something, and who is making a rustle is the man who gets roasted. Now I'm telling you, break into print somewhere and somehow, just so you don't come in through the police court. If you come in through the police court, Armond Scott, Tom Jones, and Ben Gaskins will get you sure when you come out, and they will pluck all your pin feathers too.

Contiuned to page five.

Mountain breezes, seashore breezes and social breezes all meet around the breezy soda fountain at the two drug stores of Board & Maguire at 1912 1-2 14th St., and at 9th and You Sts. Two places "where everybody meets everybody else" for the most delicious ice cream soda in the city.

Little Miss Nellie Jenifer has gone to Goldsborough, N. C., where she will spend her vacation. She was entertained Monday evening by little Miss Minnie Hall, 1615 Fourth street northwest.

Mr. Joseph S. Jones has opened a first-class cigar, tobacco and news stand at 1020 You street northwest. You will find The Bee at this stand.

Miss Catherine De Neal, of Denver, Colorado, is here on a visit.

Miss Mary Edmonds will spend the month of August in Atlantic City and Philadelphia.

Alice Smith has returned to Red Bank, New Jersey, after a pleasant stay here with relatives.

Mrs. I. D. Williams, of Charlotte, N. C., is visiting friends here. Mrs. Williams will also visit friends in New York City.

Miss Bessie Patterson, a piano graduate of the Washington Conservatory of Music, and a teacher in the public schools of Austin, Texas, will teach and organize vocal classes in Texas. Miss Patterson is now enrolled in Madame E. Azalia Hackley's vocal institute, in New York City.

Mrs. Laura Parker, of this city, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Willis in Minneapolis, Minn.

Rev. A. F. Wallace and his wife, Mrs. B. Pinkey Wallace, is in the city, the guest of her mother, en route for New York.

Mrs. Bessie McKinney Austin, of Lincoln, Va., is spending a few days in the city with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. McKinney, of 63 P street northwest.

Dr. J. W. Morse has the gem drug store in the northwest. Prescriptions carefully compounded by registered clerks.

The Misses Lillie and Beulah Burke are at Niagara Falls, visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Mason, in company with their sister-in-law, Miss Mary Mason, will sojourn at Atlantic City next month.

Mrs. Marie Smith, Misses Lula Dent and Madeline Cooper, of this city, are guests at Baltimore Cottage, Long Branch, N. J.

Miss Della Holmes and Mrs. M. L. Bain, of this city, are guests at Windsor Cottage, Asbury Park, N. J.

Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford is in Dayton, Ohio.

Mrs. Allen Wilson and children, of Hagerstown, Md., are visiting friends here.

Mrs. A. M. Curtis is in San Francisco, Cal.

Reev. William Holt, of Rockville, Md., is visiting friends in Bennings.

Mrs. Sarah Tilghman, of Baltimore, Md., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Viola Wing, in Benning.

Mrs. Marie Willis, of this city, who has been visiting her brother, Mr. Robert Hill, in 133 rd Street, New York City, since May 31, left Saturday for Boston and Vineyard, Mass.

Miss Lydia Turnage has returned to her home in Jersey City, after a delightful stay in this city with her friends.

Prof. George W. Cook, secretary of Howard University, is a guest at the Hotel Dale, Asbury Park, N. J.

Everybody meets everybody else these beautiful warm days at the popular drug stores of Board & McGuire, at 1912 1-2 14th Street, Northwest, or at their "Busy Corner," at Ninth and U Streets, Northwest, two places for the most delicious ice cream soda in the city.

Rev. A. C. Richardson and wife, Mrs. May Jones Richardson, with their daughter, Princess, are on a tour through South Carolina.

Don't pass Morse's Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest.

Mrs. Susan Kennedy is the guest of her niece, Mrs. Lizzie Hewlett, 1108 West Leigh Street, Richmond, Va.

Miss G. B. Campbell is a guest at Whitehead Cottage, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Mr. Charles M. Thomas is in Philadelphia.

Mrs. and Miss De Long, Misses A. Gibson, F. Hughston, G. Crutcher, Mesdames S. Minor, Boller and Mr. Freeman are guests at Rachelton Cottage, Asbury Park, N. J.

Mrs. and Miss Login and Miss Lilly Jones are guests at Herb Cottage, Asbury Park, N. J.

Prof. W. A. Dyson, of Howard University, and Mrs. Kendrick and son are guests at Springfield Cottage, Asbury Park, N. J.

Mrs. Loma Fitzhue, of Clarksburg, W. Va., is visiting her sister in this city.

Mr. C. P. Jones has returned to his home in Parkersburg, W.Va., after spending a pleasant stay here.

Miss Evelyn Morse, of this city, is in Yonkers, N. Y.

Mrs. Ozella Wade has been visiting friends in Philadelphia, Pa., and Atlantic City.

Mr. Traverse Dade has been visiting in New York for several weeks.

Mrs. Emily Lother, of Baltimore, Md., has been the guest of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Jeeter, in Elm street northwest, for two weeks.

Dr. Morse, who has the finest drug store in the West End, also has the best prescription compounder. Dr. Morse, who is also a registered pharmacist, never makes a mistake. Call 19th and L streets northwest.

Miss Jetha Lee, of P street northwest, is visiting her uncle, Mr. Willis Sample, in Wellington, Ohio.

Miss Abbie Nichols is spending the summer in Maine.

Mrs. Marie Johnson will spend her vacation next month in Niagara Falls, N. Y., Canada, Philadelphia, and Atlantic City, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Leland Simmons have returned from Atlantic City, where they spent their honeymoon.

Dr. Aletha M. Cruz will spend her vacation next month in New York City and other places nearby.

Mrs. Eliza J. Mason will attend the annual session of the I. O. of St. Luke, which convenes in Richmond, Va., August 16th, 17th and 18th.

Mrs. Johnson and Miss Mabel Johnson, of this city, are summering at The Wilder, 154 Springwood avenue, Asbury Park, N. J.

Mr. Eugene Clarke is stopping at Sneden Cottage, Asbury Park, N. J.

Miss Bessie Mossell is the guest of Mrs. J. P. Sampson, Asbury Park, N. J.

Dr. Morse has the finest assortment of candies and toilet articles that can be purchased anywhere in the city.

Mr. Lloyd Cuney is visiting his sister, Mrs. Maude Cuney Hare, Jamaica Plains, Boston, Mass.

Prof. Amplias Glenn is pursuing a course at Columbia University, at New York City.

Mr. Willie Jackson has returned to his home in Richmond, after spending a few days in this city with his counsin, Mrs. M. E. Kibble, of 13th street northeast, while en route from New Jersey.

Misses Elizabeth and Elaine Tancil are visiting relatives in New Jersey.

Among the Washingtonians in Atlantic City last week to the C. E. Society meeting were Misses H. B. Ruffin, Grace Brown, Lucy Cabiness and Blanche Adams.

Miss Lula Pugh is visiting friends in Charlotte, N. C.

Little Hortense Felicia Harvey, of Hancock, Michigan, is visiting her parents in this city. She is the sister of Miss Gladys Harvey, 135 O street northwest.

Miss Mabel Wormley visited friends in Baltimore recently. Miss Wormley's visit was a very pleasant one.

Dr. John W. Morse, of the Gem Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest, has everything that a first-class druggist possesses. Drop in.

Misses Beulah Underwood and Cudellis Hunter of Xenia, Ohio, are here for one month at Mrs. Robinson's 1925 11th street, northwest.

Drs. Caln and Jones of Shrevesport, La., arrived in the city and are taking their meals at Martin's

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cannon, of St. Louis, Mo., are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Crusor, of 1938 11th st., N. W. They are taking their meals at Martin's.

Attorney General W. H. Lewis and Assistant United States Attorney J. A. Cobb spent last Saturday and Sunday with Dr. Albert in Wilmington, Del. They had a most delightful time.

Mrs. Helen Davis will leave for Atlantic City, N. J., next week. She is to join her mother, who is there.

GIVES ANNUAL OUTING.

Last Saturday, July 15, was the occasion of the Ariel Bowen Reading Circle, held at the Rock Creek Park A sumptuous repast together with appropriate games made the affair very enjoyable both for the members and the guests.

Those present were Misses Jeannette and Annabelle Wesley, Clara Shields, Carrie E. Hall, Carolyn and Blanche Wilson, Jane E. Ryder, F. Louise Madella, Edna Brown and Marie Oram, Mesdames Alberta Byes, Hattie Brown, Nancy Wilson, Fannie M. Claire and Mrs. Manley; Messrs. M. Walker, W. Calvin Chase Jr., A. B. Curtis, Prof. Isaac H. Miller, Drs. Butcher and W. H. Henry, Mr. Charles P. Ford and the Rev. Mr. Haling.

"The Smart Set," which attained such a degree of popularity in past seasons, will shortly make its appearance in this city in a brand-new production, "The Mayor of New Town." Many new faces and an entirely fresh line of comedy, songs and dances will be seen and heard. The cast includes Salem Tutt Whitney, Homer Tutt, Ethel Marshall, Babe Brown, Nida Marshall, Grace Neff, Helen Gleason, Ethel Taylor, Mary Nickels, Josie Graham, John Wright, Al Strouder, George Day, Sam Gardner and W. E. Hines.

Genuine humor, jingling and infectious melodies, capable and experienced artists, voices that blend harmoniously and an elaborate scenic equipment is promised in the latest musical comedy in three acts, "The Mayor of New Town," by "The Smart Set" Company. The offering is one of the events of the theatrical year. Salem Tutt Whitney, a comedian of skill and ability, is at the head of the organization which in itself is an assurance that the entertainment will prove an enjoyable treat. He will have the assistance of forty funmakers, vocalists and dancers, including Ethel Marshall and J. Homer Tutt. In addition the management has provided an elaborate scenic equipment, private traveling car and other novelties.

Fresh from the play-producing factory of the Southern Enchantment Company comes "The Mayor of New Town," that fanciful, funny, musical comedy which "The Smart Set" Company will appear in very shortly at the Howard Theatre.

PUBLIC MEN AND THINGS

Continued from page

By-the-way, they tell me Clinkscale ain't writing briefs any more except for himself alone. I have got a few lines of thought in cold storage that I expect to take out and put on the bargain counter, that relate to Clinkscale, pretty soon. If I feel in the humor I may come across with it next week, and I bet when I do put it over the home plate Mr. Clinkscale will have both his eyes working right and at the same time to get a line on it. It will be reeking hot right from the livery stable. It's just according to how I feel, and what comes up, whether or not I vivisect Tom Jones' late and lamented brief amanuensis.

LOCAL NURSES.

The local nurses are sparing no pains in their efforts to make their convention which convenes in this city August 15, 16 and 17, a crowning success. A very interesting program has been prepared. Everyone is invited to the afternoon and evening sessions.

Miss Bertha Hanson, of Morgan College Annex, is attending Summer School at Columbia.

Miss Maud Hamilton, of 1023 3rd street northwest, is spending part of her vacation in Atlantic City.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Rev. W. P. Thirkield, Pres

HOWARD UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Wilbur P. Thirkield, LLd. D., President.

Located in Capital of the Nation. Campus of over 20 acres. Advantages unsurpassed. Modern scientific and general equipment. New Carnegie Library. New science hall. Faculty of over one hundred. 1,382 students from 37 States and 10 other countries. Unusual opportunities for self-support. No young man or woman of energy or capacity need be deprived of its advantages.

The College of Arts and Sciences.

Devoted to liberal studies. Courses in English, mathematics, Latin, Greek, French, German, physics, chemistry, biology, history, philosophy, and the social sciences, such as are given in the best approved colleges. Sixteen professors. Kelly Miller, A. M., dean.

The Teachers' College.

Special opportunities for teachers. Regular college courses in psychology, pedagogy, education, etc., with degree of A. B.; pedagogical courses leading to Ph. B. degree. High-grade courses in normal training, music, manual arts and domestic sciences. Graduates helped to positions. Lewis B. Moore, A. M., Ph. D., dean.

The Academy.

Faculty of 13. Three courses of four years each. High-grade preparatory school. George J. Cummings, A. M., dean.

The Commercial College.

Courses in bookkeeping, stenography, commercial law, history, civics, etc. Business and English high school education combined. George W. Cook, A. M., dean.

School of Manual Arts and Applied Sciences.

Furnishes thorough courses. Six instructors. Offers four-year courses in mechanical and civil engineering, and architecture.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS.

The School of Theology.

Interdenominational. Five professors. Broad and thorough courses. Advantages of connection with a great university. Students' aid. Low expenses. Isaac Clark, D. D., dean.

THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

Medical, Dental and Pharmaceutica Colleges.

Forty-nine professors. Modern laboratories and equipment. Connected with new Freedmen's Hospital, costing a half million dollars. Clinical facilities not surpassed in America. Post-graduate school and polyclinic. Edward A. Balloch, M. D., dean, Fifth and W Streets, Northwest. W. C. McNeill, M. D., secretary, 901 R Street, Northwest.

The School of Law.

Faculty of eight. Courses of three years, giving a thorough knowledge of theory and practice of law. Occupies own building opposite court house. Benjamin F. Leighton, LL. B., dean, 420 Fifth Street, Northwest.

For catalogue and special information, address Dean of Departmnet.

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Monday Aug. 7
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A BIG NEW SINGING AND DANCING MUSICAL CREATION

The Public is Cordially Invited to Attend
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OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF
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August 15th, 16th and 17th
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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HAIR FOOD IS WHAT YOU NEED TO STIMULATE GROWTH. ERADICATE DANDRUFF, CLEANSE THE SCALP AND MAKE THE HAIR STRAIGHT, SOFT & SILKY
Get a bottle today from your Druggist and note the improvement. Trial size 10c, on sale at all Drug Stores.

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During the hot Summer days about your cooking problem?
THE NORTHWEST CAFE
Renders service "just like home" at a lower cost to you.
We have secured the service of two expert female chefs who have had years of experience in some of the leading families in this city.
We bake our own bread morning and evening.

Electric Fans and Lights	Ice Tea	Polite and Courteous
Airy Dining Room	Drip Coffee	Attendants
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Special prices to families for Summer months.
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The equal in finish and style to a $7500 house

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WORTH ADVERTISING FOR

There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these re than three millions of dollar gregating $3,044,404. These me 5,499 Negroes draw salaries ag are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among th hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bid ding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have those Negroes — those 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars — will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of those over thre millions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods store and what other lines of business will now make an effort to divert to themselves those over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch those 5,499 appreciative Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

MORE MONEY— RACE PROGRESS.

If colored people groom themselves daintly, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufacturers nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better situations in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1,) Complexion WonderCream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular jar, 50 cents postpaid.

(2) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncurled and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents postpaid.

(4) Wonder Hair Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 50 cents postpaid.

(7) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents postpaid.

(8) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid.

We guarantee all these Wonders as represented.

We give advice free about hair, skin and scalp.

Will send book an attractiveness free.

We will prove we are true business friends of colored people.

We require one agent for every locality and guarantee you against loss. Only $2 capital required.

Always write to M. B. Berger & Co., 2 Rector Street, New York. We market all the Chemical Wonder Company preparations.

Telephone Main 810

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Go to Xander's.

If you want pure wines and liquors you should go to Xander's. It is the greatest wine house in the country.

TAR AND FEATHERS.

A Coat of These, Taking Several Days to Remove, Means Excruciating Torture to the Victim.

People who read of tarring and feathering know that the punishment is a very unpleasant one, but few imagine how terribly painful and dangerous it is. Hardened tar is very hard to remove from the skin, and when feathers are added it forms a kind of cement that sticks closer than a brother. As soon as the tar sets the victim's suffering begins. It contracts as it cools, and every one of the little veins on the body is pulled, causing the most exquisite agony. The perspiration is entirely stopped, and unless the tar is removed death is certain to ensue.

But the removal is no easy task and requires several days. The tar cannot be softened by the application of heat and must be peeled off bit by bit, sweet oil being used to make the process less painful. The irritation to the skin is very great, as the hairs cannot be disengaged, but must be pulled out or cut off. No man can be cleaned of tar in a single day, as the pain of the operation would be too excruciating for endurance, and until this is done he has to suffer from a pain like that of 10,000 pin pricks. Numbers of men have died under the torture, and none who have gone through it regard tar and feathering as anything but a most fearful infliction.

TOBACCO IN THE ARCTIC.

Resource of Miners When They Can Neither Chew Nor Smoke.

"When the wind is blowing thirty miles an hour and the temperature is 40 below it is some cold," said a man from Alaska. "If a man used tobacco in the ordinary way out of doors during such weather and got his lips wet through smoking a pipe or chewing he would be apt to get into trouble. First thing he knew he'd have his lips cracked, and they would be raw all winter long.

"The regulars stationed at the military posts up in Alaska found that if they tied a tobacco leaf in their armpit previous to undesired duty they would become very sick and could pass the post surgeon for hospital, getting rid of detail work they wanted to avoid.

"The miners up there learned something of this and found that the tobacco craving could be satisfied by binding a quantity of the leaf either in the armpit or against the solar plexus. This avoided broken and bleeding lips during the winter, and they weren't prevented from smoking indoors as well if they wanted to. It was the outdoor smoking or chewing that made all the trouble."—New York Sun.

Way to Treat Venison.

The sportsman was explaining to a few of his uninitiated friends.

"If you don't like venison," he said, "it is because it has not been prepared properly. I think I know the kind you have tried to eat, and I agree with you it is not fit. After the deer has been shot the carcass probably has been allowed to lie around until the blood has discolored the meat and really has almost tainted it. Few hunters dress their game carefully enough. As soon as a deer is killed the carcass should be thoroughly bled, skinned, the entrails removed and the meat hung up in the dry air for some hours. Thorough and prompt bleeding is of the utmost importance. Venison prepared in this way is comparatively light in color—that is, it is a clear, bright red, and the fat is white and clean. There is no strong, rank taste." New York Press.

Revenge.

"Stop!" The brakes of the motor were suddenly applied, a pandemonium of whirling wheels ensued, and the motorist came face to face with Constable Coppem, who had been hiding in the hedge.

"Excuse me, sir," said the portly policeman, taking out his notebook and pencil, "but you exceeded the speed limit by two miles over a measured piece of road."

"I have done nothing of the kind," retorted the motorist, "and, besides"—

"Well, if you don't believe me I'll call the sergeant, bein' as it was 'im as took the time. He's in the pigsty yonder."

"Don't trouble, Robert," the other hastened to reply. "I would sooner pay fifty fines than disturb the sergeant at his meals!"—London Answers.

Faithful Woman.

I tell you that women, as a rule, are more faithful than men—ten times more faithful. I never saw a man pursue his wife into the very ditch and dust of degradation and take her in his arms. I never saw a man stand at the shore where she was wrecked, waiting for the waves to bring back her corpse to his arms, but I have seen a woman with her white arms lift a man from the mire of degradation and hold him to her bosom as if he were an angel.—Ingersoll.

His Way of Doing.

"Could the cashier of that company explain the muddle in the books?"

"He said he would clear it all up."

"Did he?"

"No, he didn't clear it up. He cleared out."—Baltimore American.

Ungallant.

Henderson—Ever met with any serious accident while traveling? Henpeck—Did I? I met my wife while traveling abroad.

Sorrow is an evil with many feet.—Simonides.

CYCLONE FORMATION.

Air Gets Warm and Light, and the Mechanical Laws Are the Same as In a Whirlpool.

Any one can make the exact counterpart of a cyclone if he so desires. Of course a cyclone is caused by the air over a big area getting warm and light with small pressure. This air consequently tries to rise almost in a body and leaves a partial vacuum behind, but the outside cold air rushes in from all sides. Now, it is a scientific and mechanical truth that when a fluid runs in from all sides toward a central point it causes a whirlpool or rotation of the fluid. The exact analogy of a cyclone, then, although with the fluid water instead of air, is seen when the stopper is pulled out of the bottom of a basin full of water. An almost perfect vacuum, as far as the water is concerned, is caused by the water immediately over the stopper running out. The rest of the water rushes in from all directions, and a whirlpool is the result. There is one difference here from the air cyclone. In the air the force with which it rushes toward the center greatly compresses the air whirling at that point and makes it very dense—so dense, in fact, that a straw carried in the central whirl can be driven into a big block of wood without bending. Of course in a whirlpool the water is not compressed, remaining practically the same in density all the time. That is one highly important property of water; it is practically incompressible. Nevertheless it is very interesting to see the whirl form in a basin and know that the mechanical laws are the same as in the formation of a cyclone many miles wide.—Harper's Weekly.

NEW JERSEY TEA.

Red Root, That Did Good Service In Revolutionary Days.

You housekeepers of today whose favorite brands of Orange Pekoe, English Breakfast, India and Ceylon, etc., diffuse their fragrance over your tea table would hardly suppose that tea, or, rather, a fairly good substitute for it, was once made from the leaves of one of our prettiest New Jersey wild flowers. Yet so it was in the old turbulent days of the American Revolution, when they had so much trouble over the imported article and used various beverages as substitutes for that to which they had become accustomed.

New Jersey tea, or red root, as it is also called, is a low growing shrub with many branches, seldom over three feet high, and is found from Canada to Florida, growing usually in dry wooded sections. It is very abundant in New Jersey, for which it is named. It blooms profusely in July and is so showy, with its many panicled white blossoms, as to be quite worth a place in the gardens as an ornamental shrub. It has a dark red root, with leaves downy beneath and very much veined, by which it is easily distinguished from the pure tea. An infusion of the leaves prepared in the same manner as the genuine article has somewhat the taste of ordinary grades of the tea of the orient, but is not supposed to possess any of its stimulating properties.—Exchange.

Bulwer Lytton and His Chorus.

The Princess von Racowitsa met Bulwer Lytton in the Riviera toward the end of the fifties. He was then, she says in her autobiography, "past his first youth; his fame was at its zenith. He seemed to me antediluvian, with his long dyed curls and his old fashioned dress. He dressed exactly in the fashion of the twenties, with long coats reaching to the ankles, knee breeches and long colored waistcoats. Also he appeared always with a young lady who adored him and who was followed by a manservant carrying a harp. She sat at his feet and appeared, as he did, in the costume of 1830, with long flowing curls, called Anglaises. He read aloud from his own works, and in especially poetic passages his 'Alice' accompanied him with arpeggios on the harp."

A Tree Climbing Dog.

A government official in Bavaria connected with the forestry department has a wonderful dog, which is as clever at climbing trees as a cat. If his master fastens a handkerchief up in the treetops the animal will clamber up after it in the nimblest way and never fails to bring it down. He was taught by his mother, who was famous as a tree climber. The clever animal has won several medals by his extraordinary talent and takes particular delight in climbing silver birches, not the easiest tree in the world to scale, for the trunk is particularly smooth and slippery.—Wide World Magazine.

The Alternative.

Figg—My wife wants a new silk dress.

Fogg—Are you going to let her have it?

Figg—Yes. It's a case of silks or sulks.—Boston Transcript.

The Silver Lining.

In life troubles will come which look as if they would never pass away. The night and the storm look as if they would last forever, but the coming of the calm and the morning cannot be stayed.

Unreasonable.

Mrs. Sharpe (severely)—Norah, I can find only seven of these plates. Where are the other five? Cook (in surprise)—Sure, mum, don't ye make no allowance for ordinary wear an' tear?

THE DEAREST GIFT.

A Pathetic Incident In the Life of Robert Browning Told by an American Traveler In Italy.

A young American woman was traveling one day in an Italian railway coach, the only other occupant of the compartment being an elderly gentleman. Observing the interest of the young woman in the country through which they were passing and seeing also that it was new to her, the more experienced traveler pointed out objects and places of note.

From scenery the conversation drifted to books and authors, until something suggested to the young American one of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's sonnets, which she quoted.

She was astonished and abashed because the gentleman made no reply, but during the rest of the ride sat looking intently out of the window, having apparently forgotten the very existence of his traveling companion.

As they neared the station where the young lady was to leave the car she said timidly:

"I fear, sir, that I have offended you. Perhaps you do not like Mrs. Browning's poetry."

The man slowly turned upon her tear dimmed eyes, and in a voice full of emotion he said:

"Madam, that sonnet is the sweetest, as its singer was the dearest, gift God ever gave to me."

Her traveling companion was Robert Browning.—Youth's Companion.

A CURIOUS ANIMAL.

The Sea Cucumber Can Part With and Replace Its Organs.

Among the curious animals which inhabit the sea we may take the holothuria, or sea cucumber, so called from its resemblance to the cucumber.

When this animal is attacked by an enemy it does not stand up and fight, but by a sudden movement it ejects its teeth, stomach, digestive apparatus and nearly all its intestines and then shrivels its body up to almost nothing. When, however, the danger is past the animal commences to replace the organs which it has voluntarily parted with, and in a short time the animal is as perfect as ever it was.

Dr. Johnstone kept one in water for a long time, and one day he forgot to change the water. The creature in consequence ejected its intestines and shriveled up, but when the water was changed all its organs were reproduced. Although the animal is not eaten in Europe, it is a favorite with the Chinese, and the fishing forms an important part of the industry of the east. Thousands of junks are annually used in fishing for trepang, as the animals are called.—London Tit-Bits.

Cows That Never Drink.

The "wild cow" of Arabia, in reality an antelope, the Beatrix oryx, is said never to drink, which is probably correct, for unless these animals can descend the wells they can find no drinking water for ten months in the year. There is no surface water, and rain falls but precariously during the winter. Only once during my journey did I find a pool of rainwater, caught in a hollow rock, and even this I should have passed by without knowing of its existence had not my camels sniffed it from a distance and obstinately refused to be turned from going in that direction. These antelope, however, are provided by nature with a curious food supply, especially designed as a thirst quencher. This is a parasite which grows on the roots of the desert bushes and forms a long spadix full of water and juice. The antelope dig deep holes in the sand in order to get at these.—Wide World Magazine.

Easily Explained.

"They have to admit in the old world," said a New York theatrical man, "that we've got them beaten on every count. Talk to them about the matter and they can only quibble.

"'Oh, yes,' said an English banker to me the other day, 'you've got a great country, the greatest country in the world, there's no denying that.'

"Then he gave a nasty laugh.

"'But look at your fires,' he said. 'Your terrible fires are a disgrace to mankind.'

"'Oh, our fires,' said I, 'are due to the friction caused by our rapid growth.'"

Kindness to Animals.

"What I believe in," said Mr. Erastus Pinkly, "is kindness to dumb animals."

"Yes," replied Miss Miami Brown, "I has hyuhed dat some folks kin lif' a chicken off de roos' so gentle an' tender dat he won't have his sleep disturbed ska'sely none."—Washington Star.

Spiteful.

"Yes," said the engaged girl, "Dick is very methodical. He gives me one kiss when he comes and two when he goes away."

"That's always been his way," returned her dearest friend. "I've heard lots of girls comment on it."

Thus it happens that they cease to speak to each other.

Fell In With the Argument.

"The leading question," said the colonel, "is the financial one."

"Right," replied the major, "and I was just about to ask you to add $5 to that $10 I borrowed from you yesterday."—Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Trouble springs from idleness and grievous toil from needless ease.—Franklin.

A DEED OF DARING.

One Man Swam to Sinking Vessel Twenty-seven Times, Returning Every Time With a Human Being.

A historic case of daring and endurance rarely equaled in life saving annals was that of the rescue of twenty-seven souls by one man in 1867. The fishing schooner Sea Clipper was driven by the tempest against a reef near the Spotted islands on that coast and speedily went to pieces. Captain William Jackman, in charge of a fishing crew at these islands, had wandered in a direction he had never been before as if by inspiration and suddenly saw the whole tragedy enacted before his eyes. Hurrying his one companion back to the fishing station to summon help, he plunged into the howling swirl himself and eleven times swam to the ship. Each time he took back a human being to safety, battling splendidly against wind and tide.

Then help arrived, but no means was available of communicating with the vessel, so Jackman fastened a rope around his waist and made fifteen more trips, returning with a castaway on each occasion. It was then discovered that a woman had been overlooked and left on board, and the belief was expressed that she was dead, but he declared that he would not leave her there, living or dead. Accordingly he plunged into the surf again and soon bore the hapless creature to the shore, where, divesting himself of his flannels, he wrapped them round her, as she was almost at death's door. She expired a few hours later, but lived long enough to thank her preserver for his noble efforts in her behalf.—Wide World Magazine.

BROUGHT UP HOT WATER.

The Friction of the Boat Made the Ocean Almost Boil.

The steamship was speeding over seas with a record breaking list of passengers when one of the gay, young and inquiring girls who are found on every trip skipped up to the captain and asked:

"Captain, are we really going fast? It seems as if we were just crawling."

"Fast," answered the captain gruffly, "of course we're going fast. With nothing to see but water and sky you can't judge our speed, but, my dear young lady, the friction of the boat is so great it makes the water hot aft."

"I don't believe it," giggled the girl, and the captain, with a great show of indignation, called for a rope and bucket to prove his words. These brought, he slung the pail down aft of the vessel directly under the drainpipe of the galley, where hot water runs all day, and brought it up smoking, to the astonishment of the awstruck girl.

A long, lean Yankee who had been watching the performance then came forward and drawled, "Say, cap, that must make you change your course mighty often."

"Change my course?" blustered the captain. "What would I change my course for?"

"Well," said the Yankee slowly, "so darn much friction as that must wear the ocean out mighty quick."—Philadelphia Times.

Sugar.

Our word "sugar" is said to be derived from the Arabic "sukkar," the article itself having got into Europe through the Arabian Mohammedans, who overran a great part of the world in the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries. According to Dr. Van Lippman, a Dutch writer, as a result of the Arab invasion of Persia sugar found its way into Arabia, whence again its culture was carried to Cyprus, Rhodes, Sicily and Egypt. In the last named country the preparation of sugar was greatly improved, and the Egyptian product became widely famous. From Egypt the industry spread along the northern coasts of Africa and so entered Spain, where, about the year 1150, some fourteen refineries were in operation. Columbus introduced sugar cane into the new world.—Argonaut.

His Bad Dream.

Truly oriental was the defense put forward by a prisoner at Allpore. Charged with stealing a Hindu idol with its ornaments, he stated that the goddess told him in a dream the night before that, as she was not properly worshiped by the Hindu priest, she would be better taken care of by him, a Mohammedan, and that unless he took charge of her worship she would in her wrath destroy his whole family. The magistrate, however, was not satisfied with the story and sentenced the accused to two months' rigorous imprisonment and to pay a fine.—Bombay Gazette.

When the Loss Was Felt.

Wife (on returning home after a long visit)—Have you noticed that my husband missed me much while I was away, Mary? Maid—Well, mum, I didn't notice that he felt your absence much at first, but this last day or two he has certainly seemed very downhearted, mum.

He Promised.

Sutton—No, can't spare the money very well, but I'll lend it to you if you promise not to keep it too long. Gayboy—I'll undertake to spend every penny of it before tomorrow.—Washingtonian.

Feeding the Fish.

Disgusted Fisherman (emptying his bait into the stream)—Hanged if I'll wait on you any longer! Here, help yourselves.—Life.

James H Winslow

UNDERTAKER AND EMBLAMER.

ALL WORK FIRST CLASS. TERMS MOST REASONABLE

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James H. Dabney

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Hiring, Livery and Sale Stable.

Carriages hired for funerals, parties, balls, receptions, etc. Horses and carriages kept in first-class style. Satisfaction guaranteed. Business at 1132 Third street northwest. Main office branch at 222 More street, Alexandria, Va.

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OUR STABLES IN FREEMAN'S ALLEY,

Where I can accommodate 50 Horses.

Call and inspect our new and modern stable.

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Is Your Hair Beautiful

Soft, Silky and Long?

Does it comb easily without breaking?
Is it straight?
Does it smooth out nicely?
Can you do it up in any of the charming styles, so it will stay, and make you proud of it?
Is it long and full of life?
If you cannot say YES to all of the above questions, then you need

Nelson's Hair Dressing

NELSON'S HAIR DRESSING is the finest hair pomade on the face of the earth for colored people. It makes your hair grow fast; it makes stubborn, kinky and tangled hair as soft and supple as silk. It makes it healthy. It keeps it from splitting or breaking off. It makes it rich and gives it that charm so longed for by all true ladies.

Use Nelson's Hair Dressing and you'll never have dandruff. Your head will keep clean. The roots of your hair will have the necessary amount of oil. You will never have scalp disease. You will be delighted with its delicate perfume.

Nelson's Hair Dressing is put up in handsome four-ounce square tin boxes, like the lady holds in her hand. Druggists and agents everywhere sell it at 25 cents a box. If you can't get it, send us 30 cents and we will mail you a full size box postpaid. Go and buy it now, or sit right down and write us. Address

NELSON MANUFACTURING CO., Richmond, Va.

Live Agents Wanted. Write Quick for Terms.

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FINE BOOTS AND SHOES

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We make Sewing Machines to suit all conditions of the trade. The "New Home" stands at the head of all High-grade family sewing machines

Sold by authorized dealers only.

FOR SALE BY

Ox Marrow.

We want our readers to patronize us; it helps all around. The Ozonized Ox Marrow Co. advertises in this paper, and when you want a first-class dressing for kinky, harsh and unruly hair, go to your druggist's and get a bottle of Ford's Hair Pomade, 25c or 50c a bottle.

House and Herrman.

The 134th anniversary of the birth of the Stars and Stripes was observed by the Government departments, patriotic societies and schools throughout the District last Wednesday.

Wilberforcian Orchestra.

The finest orchestra in the city is the Wilberforcian. It is composed of educated young men, studying professions. The music by this orchestra is first class. You should hear it.

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON THE NEGRO.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912.

For some years past I have had in mind to invite here from different parts of the world—from Europe, Africa, the West Indies and North and South America—persons who are actively interested or directly engaged as missionaries, or otherwise, in the work that is going on in Africa and elsewhere for the education and upbuilding of Negro peoples.

For this purpose it has been determined to hold at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912, a little more than a year from this time, an international conference on the Negro. Such a conference as this will offer the opportunity for those engaged in any kind of service in Africa, or the countries above mentioned, to become more intimately acquainted with the work and the problems of Africa and these other countries. Such a meeting will be valuable and helpful, also, in so far as it will give opportunity for a general interchange of ideas in organizing and systematizing the work of education of the native peoples in Africa and elsewhere and the preparation of teachers for that work. Wider knowledge of the work that each is doing should open means of co-operation that do not now exist.

The object of calling this conference at Tuskegee Institute is to afford an opportunity for studying the methods employed in helping the Negro people of the United States, with a view of deciding to what extent Tuskegee and Hampton methods may be applied to conditions in these countries, as well as to conditions in Africa.

It is hoped that numbers of people representing the different governments interested in Africa and the West Indies, as well as representatives from the United States and the countries of South America, will decide to attend this conference. Especially is it urged that missionary and other workers in these various countries be present and take an active part in the deliberations of the conference.

It is desirable, in any case, to have any suggestions as to what might be done to make the work of the conference more helpful to all concerned. The names of persons who would like to be present, with whom you are acquainted, will be appreciated, and through you they are invited to be present and take part in the deliberations of the conference.

Those who come to Tuskegee properly accredited will be welcomed and entertained as guests of the institution, and will be under no expense during their stay here.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.
Principal, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

NOISE OF THUNDER.

Professor Trowbridge Declares That It Is Due to Heating of Gases Along the Line of Electric Discharge.

To Professor Trowbridge we owe an experiment to explain the noise of thunder. It has usually been thought that the noise is caused by the closing up of the vacuum created by the passage of lightning, the air rushing in from all sides with a clap, but the intensity of the noise is rather disproportionate, and it is now supposed that the thunder is due to the intense heating of the gases, especially the gas of water vapor along the line of the electric discharge, and the consequent conversion of suspended moisture into steam at enormous pressure.

In this way the crackle with which a peal of thunder sometimes begins might be regarded as the sound of steam explosions on a small scale, caused by inductive discharges before the main flash. The rumble would be the overlapping steam explosions, and the final clap, which soundest loudest, would be the steam explosion nearest to the auditor. In the case of rumbling thunder the lightning is passing from cloud to cloud. When the flash passes from the earth to the clouds the clap is loudest at the beginning.

Professor Trowbridge gave substance to these suppositions by causing electric flashes to pass from point to point through terminals clothed in soaked cotton wool, and he succeeded in magnifying the crack of the electric spark to a terrifying extent.—London Graphic.

THE BIG DIPPER.

It Is the Hour Hand of the Woodman's Celestial Clock.

The pole star is really the most important of the stars in our sky. It marks the north at all times. It alone is fixed in the heavens. All the other stars seem to swing around it once in twenty-four hours.

But the pole star of Polaris is not a very bright one, and it would be hard to identify but for the help of the so called pointers in the "Big Dipper," or "Great Bear." The outer rim of the dipper points nearly to Polaris at a distance equal to three times the space that separates the two stars of the dipper's outer side. Various Indians called the pole star the "Home Star" and the "Star That Never Moves," and the dipper they call the "Broken Back." The "Great Bear" is also to be remembered as the pointers for another reason. It is the hour hand of the woodman's clock. It goes once around the north star in about twenty-four hours, the reverse way of the hands of a watch—that is, it goes the same way as the sun—and for the same reason—that it is the earth that is going and leaving them behind.—Country Life In America.

A Blow Arrested.

An organist who on the eve of a festival was taken suddenly ill secured a deputy to take his place. The deputy, on the authority of St. James' Budget, was a gentleman who played a very full organ, playing full chords where his principal played only single notes, and consequently using a much larger quantity of wind.

When about three parts through with the "Hallelujah Chorus" the wind suddenly gave out. Going round to the back of the organ to ascertain the reason, the deputy found the blower in the act of putting on his coat preparatory to going home.

"What do you mean by such behavior?" the deputy angrily expostulated.

"Look here, sir," the blower returned with warmth, "if you think I don't know 'ow many puffs it takes to blow the 'Allelujah Chorus' you make a big mistake!"

Helped the Thief.

"A simple, honest Scotch farmer had taken a sack of meal to dispose of in Aberdeen castle market," says Mrs. Mayo in her "Recollections of Fifty Years." "It was in the days when people were hanged for any petty theft, and an execution was in progress, the culprit being a sheep stealer. The worthy countryman stood aghast when a stranger bustled up with the question:

"'What's a-do?'

"'A hanging,' said the other, awed, 'for stealing a sheep.'

"'Eh, what won't folks risk for gear!' cried the stranger. 'Will ye just give me a hand up with this sack?'

"The farmer promptly complied. It was only afterward that he discovered he had helped a thief to make off with the sack of meal he had brought to sell!"

Force of an Oil Well.

Oil has been ejected from the Baku wells with such force and accompanied with so much sand that steel blocks twelve inches thick placed over the mouth of the well to deflect the flow were perforated in a few hours and had to be replaced. The casing with which the wells were lined was often torn to shreds and eventually collapsed, and hundreds of thousands of tons of sand which accumulated in the vicinity necessitated the services of large bodies of workmen.—London Mail.

A Safe Bet.

A man can never guess how big the hats or sleeves or skirts of women will be next season, but he stands ready to bet that no fashion center can make big shoes for women popular.—Atchison Globe.

"The easiest thing I know of," says the philosopher of folly, "is to begin to save up some money next month."—Cleveland Leader.

FUN IN THE HOME.

Bring to It Bright Pictures and Pleasant Thoughts and Bar Out Business Worries.

Whatever your lot in life, keep joy with you, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. It is a great healer. Sorrow, worry, jealousy, envy, bad temper, create friction and grind away the delicate human machinery so that the brain loses its cunning.

Half the misery in the world would be avoided if the people would make a business of having plenty of fun at home instead of running everywhere else in search of it.

"Now For Rest and Fun." "No Business Troubles Allowed Here." These are good home building mottoes.

When you have had a perplexing day, when things have gone wrong with you and you go home at night exhausted, discouraged, blue, instead of making your home miserable by going over your troubles and trials just bury them. Instead of dragging them home and making yourself and your family unhappy with them and spoiling the whole evenning, just lock everything that is disagreeable in your office.

Just resolve that your home shall be a place for bright pictures and pleasant memories, kindly feelings toward everybody and "a corking good time" generally. If you do this you will be surprised to see how your vocation or business wrinkles will be ironed out in the morning and how the crooked things will be straightened.

THE COTTON GIN.

Whitney Got the Idea From the Work of an Old Negro.

Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, got the germ of his great idea from seeing through the interstices of a hut an old negro work a hand saw among the freshly picked cotton stored within.

The teeth of the saw tore the lint from the seed easily and quickly, and young Whitney (he was barely thirteen at the time) realized at once that a machine working a number of similar saws simultaneously would revolutionize the cotton growing industry.

He said nothing to anybody, but set to work building models and experimenting. His difficulties were enormous, for he not only had to make his own wheels, cogs, etc., but he had also first to forge his own tools and even to manufacture the paint wherewith to color his many plans and drawings.

But he succeeded in the end, and, though the outbreak of war and other hindrances prevented the invention from being actually placed upon the market until many years afterward, the first complete cotton gin ever constructed was built from those very models and plans and with scarcely a single alteration.

The Springbok.

A peculiarity of that most beautiful of South African antelopes the springbok is that it always leaps over human tracks. It is at once exceedingly shy and marvelously active, and the reason for this strange antic is its intense suspicion of any possible enemies, among whom it has come to recognize man as the most dangerous. It is not only with human tracks that the springbok goes through this performance, for it does the same with the tracks of lions or even when it gets wind of a lion. The leap is exceedingly graceful, and the animal covers from twelve to fifteen feet at each bound. It drops on all four feet at once and immediately rises again, making a clear spring without any run. Its usual gait when not pursued is a light springy trot. The springbok usually travels with its nose to the ground, as if constantly on the lookout for the scent of enemies.

A Mole's Nest.

Among common animals few have been less studied in their life history than the mole. Mr. Lionel E. Adams says that under the "fortress" which the mole constructs above the surface of the ground will always be found a series of tunnels running out beneath the adjacent field. A curious feature almost invariably found is a perpendicular run penetrating about a foot below the bottom of the nest and then turning upward to meet another run. A mole is never found in his nest, although it may yet be warm from his body when opened. Guided by smell and hearing, a mole frequently locates the nest of a partridge or pheasant above his run and, penetrating it from below, eats the eggs. The adult mole is practically blind, but there are embryonic indications that the power of sight in the race has deteriorated.

A Japanese Peculiarity.

"When a Japanese servant is rebuked or scolded," says a traveler, "he must smile like a Cheshire cat. The etiquette in smiles is very misleading at first. I often used to think that Taki, my riksha 'boy,' meant to be impertinent when he insisted on smiling when I was angry at him. But when he told me of the death of his little child with a burst of laughter I knew that this was only one of the curious details of etiquette in this topsy turvy land."

One Definition.

"Papa," asked a little boy, "what is a legal blank?"

"A legal blank, Johnny," replied his father, "is a lawyer who never gets a case."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Flight.

"Would you take $10,000 to fly from Albany to New York?"

"Why not? Our cashier took on $1,000 to fly to Europe."

ADAM'S PEAK.

A Shrine Visited by Thousands and Sacred to Three Conflicting Religious Sects.

Throughout Asia "holy places" are almost as numerous as leaves on a tree, but in Ceylon is a mountain which enjoys the unique distinction of being a very holy place to the devotees of three absolutely distinct and conflicting religious sects. This is Adam's Peak, or Samanala.

According to the Mohammedan belief, Adam, after the fall, was taken by an angel to the top of Samanala, and a panorama of all the ills that through sin should afflict mankind was spread out before him. His foot left an impression on the solid rock, and his tears formed the lake from which pilgrims still drink. The Buddhists contend that it was not Adam, but Buddha himself that made the footprint in the rock, that being the last spot where he touched the earth before ascending to heaven, while the Brahmins have still another legend. All, however, Brahmins, Mohammedans and Chinese, agree that Samanala is a very holy place, and to perform a pilgrimage to the spot is to the Buddhist what a visit to Mecca is to a Mohammedan. In mixed crowds the worshipers come, each pitying the ignorance of the other, who is so far from the "true way."

It requires no little faith and some imagination to trace in the depression in the rock the likeness of a human footprint. It is 5¼ feet long by 2½ feet wide, on the top of a huge bowlder. The natives, however, insist that it is the footprint of Adam.—Emmett Campbell Hall in Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

MINIATURE GARDENS.

Tiny Lakes, Trees and Houses In Diminutive Japanese Parks.

The Japanese have the art of dwarfing trees to mere shrubs and of cultivating plants in a similar way. The people take great delight in their miniature gardens, which require a special gardener to keep them down to desired limits. A Japanese garden is generally about ten yards square, and in this small space is found a park and demesne, with lake, summer houses, temples, trees, all complete and in keeping with the dimensions available.

One such garden shows a lake four feet long and full of goldfish. On the border stands a pine tree exactly eighteen inches high and fifty years old. Beneath its shade is a temple carved out of one piece of stone the size of a brick. On a lofty crag of some two and a half feet stands a fine maple tree, perfect in form and shape, fifteen years old and twelve inches high.

One household in Japan boasts of a complete garden contained in a shallow two dozen wine case. Everything is complete down to the fish in the lake, a sheet of water only a few inch square, and the footbridges over the water courses. Tea houses there are and numerous trees of various kinds, each about six inches in height. Old as the hills are these diminutive trees, but full of vitality, and yet never growing bigger.—New York Press.

One Consolation.

During the time he acted as United States consul in Glasgow Bret Harte occasionally indulged in a day's sport with the gun, and it was during one of his shooting excursions that the humorist met with an accident which might have disfigured him for the remainder of his life, his face being badly cut through the recoil of an overloaded gun. Fortunately the doctor's skill prevented him from being permanently marked.

Writing about the occurrence to his friend, T. Edgar Pemberton, who quotes the letter in his "Tribute to Bret Harte," the novelist concludes his letter by telling of an amusing effort which was made to console him on account of the accident.

"When the surgeon was stitching me together," he wrote, "the son of the house, a boy of twelve, came timidly to the door of my room.

"'Tell Mr. Bret Harte it's all right,' he said. 'He killed the hare.'"

Artificial Flowers.

It was in Italy that a demand for artificial flowers first arose. This was due primarily to a caprice of fashion which demanded that during festivals blossoms in and out of their seasons should be worn and also to the fact that their color and freshness were stable. Later on, in the middle ages, the artificial so far superseded the natural that both men and women decked their heads with imitation flowers of cambric, paper, glass and metal.

Spiteful.

At a local picture show a painter hung a notice under his highly prized landscape, "Do not touch with canes or umbrellas." Some one who was not an admirer of his works added to the notice, "Take an ax!"

Disagreeable Economy.

Husband—You are not economical. Wife—Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is like.

An Inside Outing.

Wigg—The best outing a man can take is an ocean trip. Wagg—Yes, an outing for the inner man as well.—Philadelphia Record.

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.—Campbell.

PICKING HUSBANDS.

A Woman's Cynical View of the German Marriage Market, Where Men Wait to Be Purchased.

The men in Germany do not marry. They are married. They are more or less passive articles of sale, which stand in rows in the matrimonial shop window with their price labeled in large letters in their buttonhole, waiting patiently for a purchaser. They are perfectly willing, even eager, victims. They want to be bought, but their position does not allow them to grasp the initiative, and they are thankful when at last some one comes along and declares herself capable and willing to pay the price.

The girl and her mother, with their purse in hand, pass the articles in review and choose out the one which best suits their means and fancy.

"I shall marry an officer," one girl told me some time ago with the easy confidence of a person about to order a new dress, and, lo and behold, before the year was out she was walking proudly on the arm of a dragoon lieutenant! I even knew of three women who swore to each other that they would marry only geniuses, and here also they had their will. One married a great painter, one a poet and another a famous diplomatist. That they were all three peculiarly unhappy is not a witness against the system, but a proof that geniuses may occasionally be very uncomfortable partners. In this case the purchasers were rich and popular and could therefore make their choice. Others of lesser means would have had to content themselves with an officer, cavalry or infantry, according to the "dot," or a lawyer, or a doctor, or a merchant, and so on down the scale.—Miss Wylie's "My German Year."

ODDLY EXPRESSED.

Queer Ways In Which Ideas Are Sometimes Put Into Words.

Curious ways of expressing ideas in English may be expected from foreigners, as, for instance, when the Frenchman, who made a call in the country and was about to be introduced to the family, said: "Ah, ze ladies! Zen I vould before, if you please, vish to purify mine 'ands and to sweep mine hair."

A Scotch publican was complaining of his servant maid. He said that she could never be found when wanted. "She'll gang oot o' the house," he said, "twenty times for once she'll come in."

A countryman went to a menagerie to examine the wild beasts. Several gentlemen expressed the opinion that the orang outang was a lower order of the human species. Hodge did not like this idea and, striding up to the gentleman, expressed his contempt for it in these words: "Pooh! He's no more of the human species than I be."

"Mamma, is that a spoiled child?" asked a little boy on seeing a negro baby for the first time.

A shop exhibits a card warning everybody against unscrupulous persons "who infringe our title to deceive the public." The shopman does not quite say what he means any more than the proprietor of an eating house near the dock, on the door of which may be read the following announcement conveying fearful intelligence to the gallant tars who frequent this port: "Sailors' vitals cooked here."—Philadelphia North American.

Definition of True Humor.

The sense of humor is the "saving sense" principally because it saves us from ourselves. The person who cannot laugh at himself now and then is to be pitied. Moreover, the person who cannot take good naturedly the occasional bantering of others is in the same class of disagreeables. A well directed shaft of raillery will often find the vulnerable point in our armor of self complacency and show us where our self satisfaction is all wrong. True humor, however, must spring as much from the heart as from the head. Its essence must be truth and friendliness, not contempt. There never was a good joke yet that told a lie or besmirched a reputation. Humor which carries with it a sting to wound the sensitiveness or delicacy of one who does not deserve to suffer is not true humor.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Professional Instinct.

"Romeo and Juliet," with the original company, had reached its crucial moment.

Juliet was staggering about the stage, regarding her afflicted lover.

"Oh, cruel poison!" she wailed.

She raised her lover for a moment in her arms.

A wildly excited medical student in the gallery sprang to his feet.

"Keep him up, Juliet—keep him up!" he bellowed. "I'll run out and fetch the stomach pump!"

A Run of Luck.

Violet—I never had such a streak of luck. He fell in love in Paris, proposed in Rome and bought the ring in Naples. Pierrot—Did your luck end there? Violet—Oh, no! While we were at Monte Carlo he won enough from papa for us to get married on.—London Illustrated Bits.

A Misnomer.

It is becoming daily more dangerous to refer to "the weaker sex" on account of the increasing doubt in the reader's mind which sex is meant.—London Saturday Review.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.

JAMES F. BUNDY, ATTORNEY.

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Holding Probate Court.

Estate of Charles Blackstone, deceased, No. 18,123.

Application having been made herein for probate of the last will and testament of said deceased, and for letters testamentary on said estate, by William A. Taylor, it is ordered this 11th day of July, A. D., 1911, that Matilda Blackstone, John Blackstone, stone Mary Blackstone,

and all others concerned, appear Oscar Blackstone and William Blackin said Court on Monday, the 21st day of August, A. D., 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m., to show cause why such application should not be granted. Let notice hereof be published in the Washington Law Reporter and The Washington Bee once in each of three successive weeks before the return day herein mentioned—the first publication to be not less than thirty days before said return date.

THOS. H. ANDERSON,
Justice.

Attest:
JAMES TANNER,
Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.
JAMES F. BUNDY,
Attorney.

A New Book.

A book on Mind Reading, plain facts, no mysteries.

If you would part with its contents for a hundred times its price I will refund your money. Price, 50c., post paid. Also a book called a Prayer to the Devil, on the temperance question. The keenest temperance gun ever fired. Price, 10c. To any colored person answering this add., both will be sent for 40c. Page A. Cochran, 415 Sixth street northwest.

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Holding Probate Court.
No. 18222, Administration

This is to Give Notice:

That the subscriber, of the District of Columbia has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters of administration on the estate of John Scott, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 19th day of July, A.D., 1912; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 19th day of July, 1911
Lizzie Scott Jones, 498 K st., S. W.

Attest: JAMES TANNER
Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, clerk of Probate court.

THOS. L. JONES, ATTORNEY

In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia

EdmoniaBaker vs James Baker, Clara Berton Co-
No. 30184, Equity Doc. 66

The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce from the bonds of matrimony between Edmonia Bakes and James Baker on the grounds of adultery. On motion of the complainant, it is this 14th day of July, 1911, ordered that the defendent James Baker and the Co-respondent, Clara Berton, cause their appearance to be entered herein on the fortieth day, exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays, occurring after the first publication of this order; otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default. Provided, a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in the Washington Law Reporter, and the Washington Bee before said day.

THOS. H. ANDERSON, Justice

A True Copy. Test:
J. R. Young, Clerk
F. E. Cunningham, Asst. Clerk

L. MELENDEZ KING, ATTORNEY

Afue McDowell

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law

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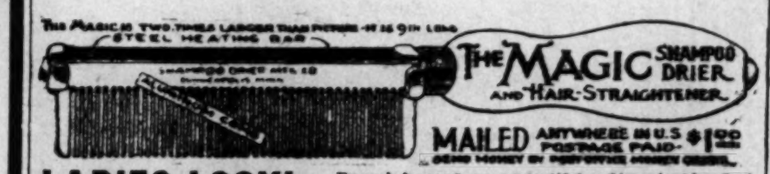

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